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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Magnificence

By JOHN SKELTON

Written c. 1515-1523

Date of first publication c. 1529-1530

[*British Museum, C. 34, m. 1*]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Magnificence

By JOHN SKELTON

[c. 1515–1530]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX

Magnificence

By JOHN SKELTON

[c. 1515—1523]

This facsimile is from the British Museum copy [C. 34, m. 1, impft.], except folios i and ii, and the last page, which are lacking. These have been supplied from the copy in the University Library, Cambridge [A.B. 8. 46, No. 4 (set b)].

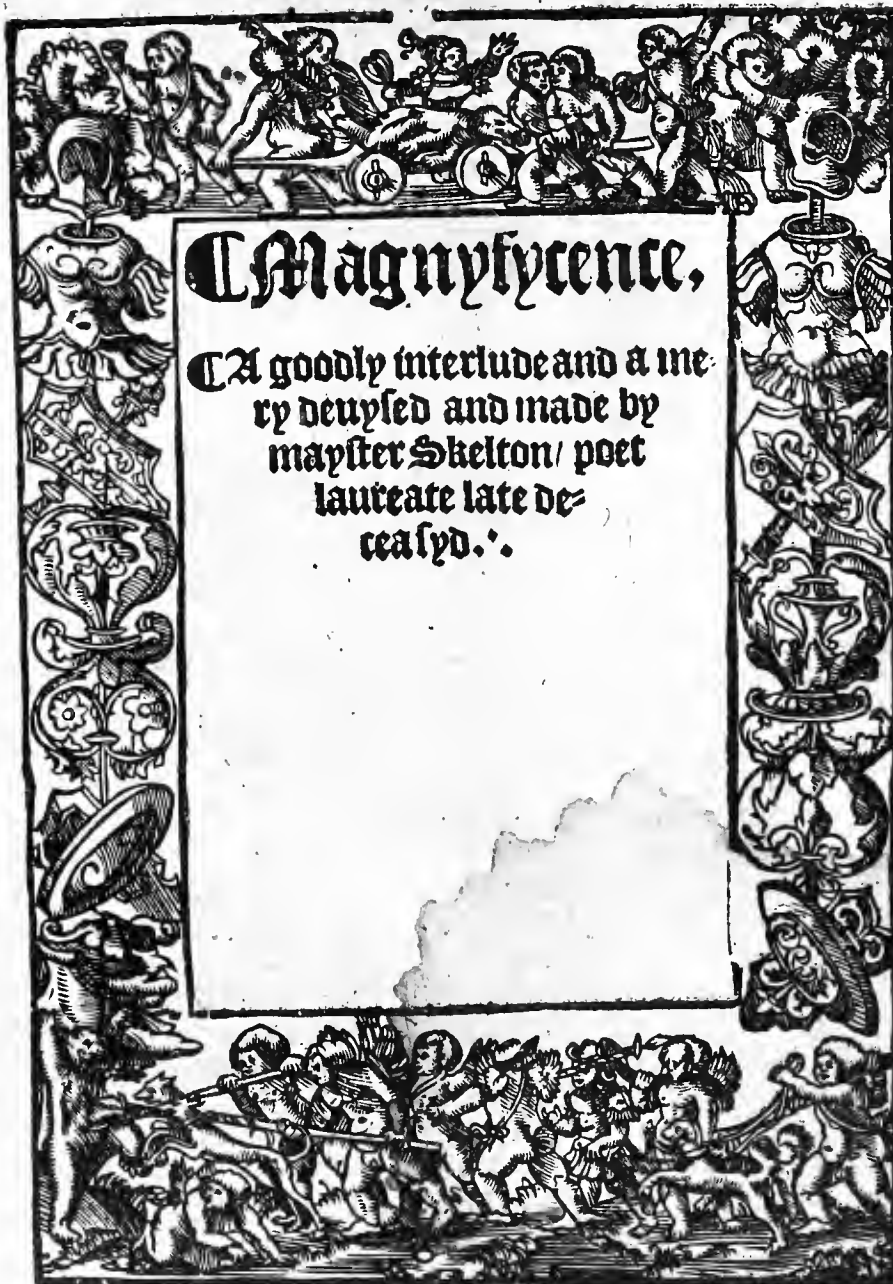
Neither the date of composition nor that of printing are exactly known. The reference (Fo. iiii verso, lines 16-18) to King Louis the Twelfth of France apparently gives the upward limit as 1515, the year of the French king's death, whilst other internal evidence suggests 1523 as the downward point. At all events Skelton himself died in 1529, and the play was probably printed by John Rastell either in that year or in 1530.

For Skelton's literary record see the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Mr. J. A. Herbert (of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) says:—

"'Magnificence' is splendidly reproduced; I have hardly been able to find even the most insignificant faults in it."

JOHN S. FARMER.



CELESTE.



A thyngys contraryd by mannys reason
 The world enuytōnyd of hygh & low estate
 Be it erly or late welth hath a season
 welth is of wysdome & very trewe probate
 A sole is he with welth & fallyth that debate
 But men now a dayes so unhappely be byd
 That nothyng than welth may worse be endurid
 To tell you the cause me semeth it no nede
 The amense therof is far to call agayne
 For when men by welth they haue ltyll drede
 Of that may come after experyence trewe and playne
 Howe after a drought there fallyth a shoure of rayne
 And after a hete oft cometh a stormy colde
 A man may haue welth but not as he wolde
 As to contynewe and styll to endure
 But yf prudence be proued with sad cyrcumspeccon
 welthe myght be wonne and made to the lure
 of noblenesse were aquayntyd with sober dyscrecon
 But wyll hath reason so vnder subieccon
 And so dysordereth this worlde ouer all
 That welthe and felicite is passyng small
 But where wonnys welthe and a man wolde byt
 For welthfull felicite truly is my name
 Mary welthe and I was apoynted to mete
 And eyther I am dyspleued or ye be the same
 Syz as ye say I haue harde of your fame
 your name is lyberte as I vnderstande
 Trewe you say syz gyue me your hande
 And from whens come ye and it myght be askyd
 To tell you syz I dare not leest I sholde be maskyd
 In a payre of fetters or a payre of stockys
 Here you not howe this gentylman mockys
 ye to knackynge ernyst what and it preue
 why / to say what he wyll lyberte hath leue
 yet lyberte hath ben lockyd vp and kept in the men
 In dede syz that lyberte was not worthe a cue
 Howe be it lyberte may somtyme be to large
 But yf reason be regent and ruler of your barge
 To that ye say I can well condysfende
 Shewe forth I pray you here in what you intende
 Of that I intende to make demonstracon
 It askyth le sure with good aduertysment
 First I say we owght to haue in consyderacon
 That lyberte be lynkyd with the chayne of contynadce
 Lyberte to let from all maner offence

Lyberte.

Felycyte.

Lyberte.

Felycyte.

Lyberte.

Felycyte.

Lyberte.

Felycyte.

Lyberte.

Felycyte.

Lyberte.

Felycyte.

For lyberte at large is lothe to be stoppyd
But with countenaunce your corage must be croppyd

Lyberte.
Felyppte.

¶ Then thus to you
¶ Nay suffer me yet ferther to say
And peraduenture I shall content your mynde
Lyberte I wote well forbere no man there may
It is so swete in all maner of kynde
Howe be it lyberte makyth many a man blynde
By lyberte is done many a great excess
Lyberte at large wyll oft wax relesse
Perceyue ye this parcell

Lyberte.

¶ Ye lyz passyng well
But and you wolde me permyt
To shewe parte of my wytt
Somwhat I coulde enferre
your consayte to debarre
Under suppoztacyon
Of pacyent tolleracyon

Felyppte.

¶ God forbyd ye sholde be let
your reasons forth to set
wherfore at lyberte
Say what ye wyll to me

Lyberte.

¶ Briefly to touche of my purpose the effecte
Lyberte is laudable and pryncplegyd from lawe
Judycrall rygoure shall not me correcte

Felyppte:
Lyberte.

¶ Softe my frende/ herein your reason is but rawe
¶ Yet suffer me to say the surpluse of my lawe
what wote ye where vpon I wyll conclude
I say there is no welthe where as lyberte is subdude
I trowe ye can not say nay moche to this
To lyue vnder lawe it is captyvte
where drede ledyth y daunce there is no Joy nor blyss
Or howe can you proue that there is felyppte
And you haue not your owne fre lyberte
To spozte at your pleasure to ryen and to ryde
where lyberte is absent set welthe asyde

¶ Sic intrat Measure.

Measure.
Felyppte.
Measure.
Lyberte.
Measure.

¶ Cryst you assyste in your altryacyon
¶ Why haue you harde of our dysputacyon
¶ I perceyue well howe eche of you doth reason
¶ Mayster measure you be come in good season
¶ And it is wonder that your wyld insolence
Can be content with measure presence

Felyppte.
Lyberte.
Measure.

¶ Wolde it please you then
¶ Us to informe and ken
¶ I ye be wonders men

Your langage is lyke the penne:
 Of hym that wyrteth to last
Felpeyte. **C** Sye if any worde haue past
 Of other fyrst or last
 To you I a recte it and cast
Lyberte. **T**herof the refozmacyon
And I of the same sacyon.
 Howe be it by protestacyon
 Of pleasure that you none take.
 Some reason we must make.
Measure. **T**hat wyl not I for sake
 So it in measure be.
 Come of therfore let se
 Shall I begynne or ye
Felpeyte. **S**ay ye shall begynne by my wyl
Lyberte. **I**t is reason and skyll
 We your pleasure fulfyll
Measure. **T**hen ye must bothe consent
 You to holde content
 With myne argument.
 And I muste you requyre
 Of parently to here
Felpeyte. **Y**es sye with ryght good chere.
Lyberte. **W**ith all my herte intere
Measure. **O**racius to recozde in his volumys olde
 With euery condycyon measure must be longht
 Welthe without measure wolde bere hym selfe to bolde
 Lyberte wout measure proue a thyng of nought
 I ponder by nober by measure all thyng is wrought.
 As at the fyrst orpgynall by godly oppnyon
 Whych prouyth well that measure shold haue domynyō.
 Where measure is mayster plenty dothe none offence
 Where measure lackyth all thyng disorderd is
 Where measure is absent ryot kepeth residence.
 Where measure is ruler there is nothyng a mysk
 Measure is treasure / howe say ye is it not this
Felpeyte. **Y**es questyonlesse in myne oppnyon
 Measure is worthy to haue domynyon
Lyberte. **I**nto that same I am ryght well agrede.
 So that lyberte be not leste behynde
Measure. **Y**e lyberte with measure nede neuer drede
Lyberte. **W**hat lyberte to measure then wolde ye bynde.
Measure. **W**hat ellys / for otherwyle it were agaynst kynde
 If lyberte sholde lepe and renne where he lyst
 It were no vertue / it were a thyng vnblyst
 It were a myschese if lyberte lacked a reyne.

where with to rule hym with the wythynge of a rest
 All trebylls and tenours be rulyd by a meyne
 Lyberte without measure is acountyd for a beste
 There is no surfet where measure rulyth the feste
 There is no excelle where measure hath his helthe
 Measure contynwyth prosperyte and welthe

Felycite.
 Lyberte.

Unto your rule I wyll anner my mynde
 So wolde I / but I wolde be lothe
 That wonte was to be formyst now to come behynde
 It were a shame / to god I make an othe
 without I myght cut it out of the brode clothe
 As I was wonte euer at my fre wyll

Measure.

But haue ye not herde say / that wyll is no sayll
 Take sad dyscepcion and leue this wantonne ilk

Lyberte.
 Felycite.

It it no maystery
 Tushe let measure procede
 And after his mynde herdely your selfe adrese
 For without measure pouerte and nede
 wyll crepe vpon vs / and vs to myschefe lede
 For myschefe wyll mayster vs / yf measure vs for sake

Lyberte.
 Measure.

Well I am content your wayes to take
 Surely I am Joyous that ye be myndyd thus
 Magnyfyce to mayntayne your promysyon shalbe

Felycite.
 Lyberte.

So in his harte he may be glad of vs
 There is no pryncce but he hath nede of vs thye
 welthe with measure and pleasaunt lyberte

Measure.

Howe pleasyth you a lytell whyle to stande
 He semeth magnyfyce is compnge here at hande

¶ He intrat magnyfyce

Magnyfyce ¶ To assure you of my noble porte and fame
 who lyst to knowe magnyfyce I hyght
 But measure my frende what hyght this mannys name

Measure. ¶ Syr though ye be a noble pryncce of myght
 yet in this man you must set your delyght
 And syz this other mannys name is lyberte

Magnyfyce ¶ welcome frendys ye are bothe vnto me
 But nowe let me knowe of your conuersacyon

Felycite. ¶ Pleasyth your grace felycite they me call

Lyberte. ¶ And I am lyberte made of in euery nacyon

Magnyfyce ¶ Conuenyent persons for any pryncce ryall
 welthe with lyberte with me bothe dwell ye shall
 To the gydnyng of my measure you bothe comyttynge
 That measure be mayster / vs semeth it is lyttynge

Measure. Where as ye haue sayd to me them assigned
Suche order I trust with them for to take
So that welthe with measure shalbe conbyned
And lyberte his large with measure shall make
Felpeyte. Your ordinaunce sayd I wyll not forsaue
Lyberte. And I my selfe hooly to you wyll inclyne
Magnyficence. Then may I say that ye be seruauyntys myne
For by measure I warne you we thynke to be gyde
wherin it is necessary my pleasure you knowe
Measure and I wyll neuer be deuydyd
For no dyscorde that any man can sawe
For measure is a meane nother to hy nor to lawe
In whose attemperaunce I haue suche delyghe
That measure shall neuer departe from my syght
Felpeyte. Laudable your consayte is to be acountyd
For welthe without measure sodenly wyll orde
Lyberte. As your grace full nobly hath recountyd
Measure with noblenesse sholde be alpyde
Magnyficence. Then lyberte se that measure be your gyde
For I wyll vse you by his aduertysment
Felpeyte. Then shall you haue with you prosperyte resydent
Measure. I trowe good fortune hath annexyd vs together
To se howe greable we are of one mynde
There is no flaterer nor losyll so lyther
This lynkydchayne of loue that can vnbrynde
Howe that ye haue me chese ruler assigned
I wyll endeuour me to order euery thyng
your noblenesse and honour consernyng
Lyberte. In Joy and myrre your mynde shalbe enlargyd
And not embracyd with pusyllanymyte
But plenarly all thought from you must be dyschargyd
If ye lyst to lyue after your fre lyberte
All delectacyons aquayntyd is with me
By me all persons worke what they lyst
Measure. Hem/ sayd yet beware of had I wylle
Lyberte in some cause becomyth a gentyll mynde
Bycause course of measure yf I be in the way
who countyd without me is caste to ser behynde
Of his rekenyng as euidently we may
So at our eye the worlde day by day
For defaute of measure all thyng dothe excede
Felpeyte. All that ye say is as trewe as the crede
For howe be it lyberte to welthe is conuenient
And from felpeyte may not be forborne
yet measure hath ben so longe from vs absent
That all men laugh at lyberte to scozne

- Welth and wyrt I say be so threde bare woꝛne
 That all is without measure and fer beyonde the meane
- Magnifycence** ¶ Then nobleneſſe I ſe well is almoſte vndone
 But yf therof the ſoner amendys be made
 For dowtleſſe I perceyue my magnifycence
 without measure lyghtly may fade
 Of to moche lyberte vnder the offence
 wherfoze measure take lyberte with you hence
 And rule hym after the rule of your ſcole
- Lyberte.** ¶ What ſyr wolde ye make me a poppyng ſole
Measure. ¶ Why were not your ſelfe agreed to the ſame
 And now wolde ye ſwarue from your owne ordynance
- Lyberte.** ¶ I wolde be culyd and I myght for ſhame
Felycite. ¶ A ye make me laughe at your inſtaunce
- Magnifycence** ¶ Syr without any longer delaynce
 Take lyberte to rule and folowe myne entent
Measure. ¶ It ſhalbe done at your commaundement
 ¶ Itaq; meaſure creat locū cum lybertate et
 maneat magnifycence cū felicitate.
- Magnifycence** ¶ It is a wanton thyng this lyberte
 Perceyue you not howe lothe he was to abyde
 The rule of meaſure not withſtandynge we
 Haue deputyd meaſure hym to gyde
 By meaſure eche thyng dully is tryde
 Thynke you not thus my frende felycite
- Felycite.** ¶ God forbide that it other wyſe ſholde be
Magnifycence ¶ Ye coulde not ellys I wote with me endure
Felycite. ¶ Endure no god wote it were great payne
 But yf I were orderd by Juſt meaſure
 It were not poſſyble me longe to retayne
 ¶ Sic intrat fanſy.
- Fanſy.** ¶ Cuſche holde your pere your langage is bayne
 Pleaſe it your grace to take no dyſdayne
 To ſhewe you playnly the trowth as I thynke
- Magnifycence** ¶ Here is none for ſyth whether you ſiete or ſynke
Felycite. ¶ From whens come you ſyr that no man lokyd after
Magnifycence ¶ Or who made you ſo bolde to interrupte my tale
Fanſy. ¶ Nowe benedicite ye wene I were ſome haſter
 Or ellys ſome Jangelynge Jacke of the vale
 ye wene that I am dronken bycauſe I loke pale
- Magnifycence** ¶ He ſemerth y ye haue dronken more tha ye haue bled
Fanſy. ¶ Yet amonge noble men I was brought vp and bred
Felycite. ¶ Nowe leue this Jangelynge and to vs expounde
 why that ye ſayd our langage was in bayne
- Fanſy.** ¶ Mary vpon trowth my reaion I grounde
 That without largeſſe nobleneſſe can not rayne

And that I sayd ones / yet I say agayne
 I say without largesse woꝛshyp hath no place
 For largesse is a purchaler of pardon and of grace
 Magnifycence Nowe I beseeche the tell me what is thy name
 Fany. Largesse that all lordes sholde loue syꝛ I hyght
 Felpeyte. But hyght you largesse encrease of noble fame
 Fany. Ye syꝛ vndoubted
 Felpeyte. Then of very ryght
 with magnifycence this noble pꝛynce of myght
 Sholde be your dwellynge in my consyderacyon
 Magnifycence Yet we wyll therin take good delyberacyon
 Fany. As in that I wyll not be agaynst your pleasure
 Felpeyte. Syꝛ hardely remembre what may your name auance
 Magnifycence Largesse is laudable so it in measure be
 Fany. Largesse is he that all pꝛynces doth auance
 I repozte me hertein to kynge Lewes of fraunce
 Felpeyte. Why haue ye hym named and all other refused
 Fany. For syth he dyed largesse was lytell vsed
 Plucke vp your mynde syꝛ what ayle you to muse.
 Haue ye not welthe here at your wyll
 It is but a maddynge these wayes that ye vse
 what auayleth lordshyp your selfe for to kyll
 with care and with thought howe Iacke shall haue gyl
 Magnifycence What I haue aspyed ye are a carles page
 Fany. By god syꝛ ye se but fewe wyle men of myne age
 But couetyse hath blowen you so full of wynde
 That colytra passy hath gropyd you by the guttys
 Felpeyte. In sayth broder largesse you haue a mery mynde.
 Fany. In sayth I set not by þ woꝛlde two daucaster cuttys
 Magnifycence Ye wate but a wylde flyeng bolte to shote at þ butt.
 Though largesse ye hyght your langage is to large
 For whiche ende goth forwarde ye take lytell charge
 Felpeyte. Let se this checke yf ye boyde canne
 Fany. In saythe els had I gone to longe to scole
 But yf I coulde knowe a gosse from a swanne
 Magnifycence Wel wyle me may ete þ fyssh wher ye shal draw þ pole
 Fany. In sayth I wyll not say that ye shall proue a sole
 But ofte tymes haue I sene wyle men do mad dedys
 Magnifycence Go shake the dogge hay syth ye wyll nedys
 you are nothyng mete with vs for to dwell.
 That with your lord and mayster so pertly can prate.
 Gete you hens I say by my counsell
 I wyll not vse you to play with me checke mate
 Fany. Syꝛ yf I haue offended your noble estate
 I trow I haue brought you suche woꝛtyng of recoꝛde
 That I shall haue you agayne my good lord

To you recommedeth sad cyrcumspeccon

And sendeth you this wyrtynge closed vnder sele

Magnysfycence ¶ This wyrtynge is welcome with hartys affectyon
why kepte you it thus longe: howe dothe he wele

Fansy ¶ Syr thanked be god he hath his hele

Magnysfycence ¶ welthe gete you home and commaunde me to mesure
Byd hym take good hede to you my synguler tresure

Felycite ¶ Is there ony thyng elles your grace wyll comaunde me.

Magnysfycence ¶ Nothyng but fare you well tyll sone
And that he take good kepe to lyberte

Felycite ¶ your pleasure syr shortly shall be done

Magnysfycence ¶ I shall come to you my selfe I trowe this after none
I pray you larges here to remayne

whylest I knowe what this letter dothe contayne

¶ *Hic faciat tanq̃ legeret litteras tacite: Interim superueniat cantando counterfetoūtenaunce suspensio gradu q̃ viso magnysfycence sensu retrocedat ad tēpus post pulillū rursū accedat counterfetoūtenaunce p̃spectando & vocitando a longe et fansy animat silentium cum manu.*

¶ Counterfet countenaunce.

¶ what fansy fansy

Magnysfycence ¶ who is that that thus dyd cry

¶ He thought he called fansy

Fansy ¶ It was a flemynge hyght hanly

Magnysfycence ¶ He thought he called fansy me behynde

Fansy ¶ Nay syr it was nothyng but your mynde

But nowe syr as touchynge this letter

Magnysfycence ¶ I shall loke in it at leasure better

And surely ye are to hym beholde

And for his sake ryght gladly I wolde

Do what I coude to do you good

Fansy ¶ I pray god kepe you in that mood

Magnysfycence ¶ This letter was wyrtten ferre hence

Fansy ¶ By lakyn syr it hathe cost me pence

And grottes many one or I came to your presence

Magnysfycence ¶ where was it delyuered you shewe vnto me

Fansy ¶ By god syr beyonde the se

Magnysfycence ¶ At what place nowe as you gesse

Fansy ¶ By my trouthe syr at pountesse

This wyrtynge was taken me there

But neuer was I in gretter fere

Magnysfycence ¶ Howe so

Fansy ¶ By god at the see syde

Had I not opened my purse wyde

I trowe by our lady I had ben slayne

Or elles I had lost myne pres twayne

fanly

By your loth
ye and there is such a wache
That no man can scape but they hym cāche
They bare me in hande that I was a spyre
And another bade put out myne eye
Another wolde myne eye were blerde
Another bade shaue halfe my berde
And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke
And wolde haue made me freer tucke
To pryche out of the pylery hole.
without an antetyme or a stole
And some bade sere hym with a marke
To gete me fro them I had moche warke

Magnifycence

fanly

Wary syr ye were afrayde
By my trouthe had I not payde and prayde
And made large lke as I hyght
I had not ben here with you this nyght
But surely large lke saued my lyfe
For large lke stynteth all maner of stryfe

Magnifycence

fanly

It dothe so sure now and than
But large lke is not mete for euery man
No but for you grete estates
Large lke stynteth grete debates
And he that I came fro to this place
Sayd I was mete for your grace
And in dede syr I here men talke
By the way as I ryde and walke
Say howe you excede in noblenesse
If you had with you large lke

Magnifycence

fanly

Magnifycence

fanly

And say they so in very dede
With ye syr so god me spede
Yet mesure is a mery mene
Ye syr a blannched almonde is no bene
Mesure is mete for a marchauntes hall
But large lke becometh a state ryall
What sholde you pynche at a pecke of otes
We wolde sone pynche at a pecke of grotes
Thus is the talkynge of one and of oder
As men dare speke it hugger mugger
A lord a negarde it is a shame
But large lke may amende your name

Magnifycence

fanly

In faythe large lke welcome to me
I pray you syr I may so be
And of my seruyce you shall not mysse.

Magnifycence

Togyder we wyll talke more of this
Let vs departe from hens home to my place

Fansy

I follow euen after your noble grace

To. b.

¶ *Hic discedat magnificens cum fansy et
intrat counterfet countenaunce.*

Counterfet cou. **¶** What I say herke a worde.

Fansy. **¶** Do away I say the deuylles tozde.

Counterfet cou. **¶** Ye but how longe shall I here a wayte.

Fansy. **¶** By goddys body I come strepte
I hate this blundering that thou doste make

Counterfet cou. **¶** Nowe to the deuyl I the betake

For in fayth ye be well met

Fansy hath catchyd in a fyre net

This noble man Magnyfyce

Of largesse vnder the pretence

They haue made me here to put the stone

But nowe wyl I that they be gone

In bastarde ryme after the dogrell gyle

Tell you where of my name dothe ryle

For counterfet countenaunce knowen am I

This worlde is full of my folp

I set not by hym a fly

That can not counterfet a lye

Swere and stare and hyde therby

And countenaunce it clenly

And defende it manerly

I knaue wyl counterfet nowe a knyght

A lurdayne lyke a lord to fyght

A mynstrell lyke a man of myght

A tappyster lyke a lady byght

Thus make I them wyth thys to fyght

Thus at the lasse I bynge hym ryght

To tyburne where they hange on hyght

To counterfet I can by praty wayes

Of nyghtys to occupy counterfet kayes

Clenly to counterfet newe arapes

Counterfet eynest by way of playes

Thus am I occupred at all assayes

What so euer I do all men me prayse

And mekill am I made of nowe adays

Counterfet maters in the lawe of the lande

Wyth golde and grotes they grese my hande

In stede of ryght that wronge may stande

And counterfet fredome that is bounde

I counterfet suger that is but founde

Counterfet capytaynes by me are mande

Of all lewdnesse I kyndell the brande

Counterfet kyndnesse and thynke dylcapte

To. ii.

Counterfet letters by the way of sleight
Subtelly vsynge counterfet weyght
Counterfet langage sayty bone gepte
Counterfetyng is a proper bayte
A counte to counterfet in a relapte
To counterfet well is a good consayte
Counterfet maydenhode may well be bozne
But counterfet corynes is laughynge to scozne
It is euyl patchynge of that is tozne
Whan the noppe is rughe it wolde be shozne
Counterfet haltynge without a thozne
pet counterfet chafer is but euyl cozne
All thyng is worse whan it is wozne
what wolde ye wpues counterfet
The courtly gyle of the newe iet
An olde barne wolde be vnderfet
It is moche worthe that is sette fet
what wanton wanton nowe well ymet
what uarg. ry mylke ducke mermolet
It wolde be masked in my net
It wolde be nyce thoughe I say nay
By crede it wolde haue freshe aray
And therfore shall my husbände pay
To counterfet she wyl assay
All the newe gyle freshe and gaye
And be as praty as she may
And iet it ioly as a iay
Counterfet prechynge / and byleue the contrary
Counterfet conlyence / peupl the pope holy.
Counterfet sadnesse / with delynge full madly
Counterfet holynes / is called ypocrysy
Counterfet reason / is not woorth a flye
Counterfet wysdome / and woorkes offoly
Counterfet countenaunce / euery man dothe occupy
Counterfet woorthyp / outwarde men may se
Kyches rydeth out / at home is pouerte
Counterfet pleasure is bozne out by me
Coll wolde go clenly and it wyl not be
And annot wolde be nyce and laughs tehe wehe
your counterfet countenaunce is all of nyspe
A plummed partrydge all redy to flye
A knokyl bonnyarde wyl counterfet a clarke
He wolde trotte gentilly but he is to starke
At his cloked counterfetyng dogges dothe bark
A carter a courtyer it is a woorthy warke
That with his whyp his mares was wonte to parke

A custrell to dzyue the deupll out of the derke
 A counterfet courtper with a knaues marke
 To counterfet this freers haue lerned me
 This nonnes nowe and then and it myght be
 wolde take in the way of coninterfet charpte
 The grace of god vnder benedicite
 To counterfet thyz counsell they gyue me a fee
 Chanons can not counterfet but vpon thze
 Monkys may not for drede that men sholde them se
 ¶ *Hic ingrediatursanly properantur cū crafty conuepaūce
 cum famina multa adinuicem garrulantes tandem
 vilo cōuterfet countenaūce dicat crafty cōuepaūce.*

Crafty conuay. ¶ What counterfet countenaunce
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ What crafty conuepaunce.
Fanly ¶ What the deupll arc pe two of aquayntaunce
 God gyue you a very mylchaunce
Crafty conuey. ¶ Yes yes syz he and I haue met
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ We haue bene togyder bothe erly and late
 But fausly my frende where haue ye bene so longe
Fanly ¶ By god I haue bene about a praty pronge
 Crafty conuepaunce I sholde say and I
Crafty conuay. ¶ By god we haue made magnyfyccence to ete a flye
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ Howe coulde ye do that and was away
Fanly. ¶ By god man bothe his pagent and thyne he can play
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ Say trouth
Crafty conuey. ¶ Yes yes by lakyn I shall the warent
 As longe as I lyue thou haste an heyre parent
Fanly. ¶ Yet haue we pyckyd out a roime for the
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ Why shall we dwell togyder all thze
Crafty conuey. ¶ Why man it were to great a wonder
 That we thze galauntes sholde be longe a sonder
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ For cockys harte gyue me thy hande
Fanly ¶ By the masse for ye are able to dystroy an hole lande
Crafty conuey. ¶ By god yet it muste begynne moche of the
Fanly ¶ Who that is ruled by vs it shalbe longe oz he thee
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ But I say kepest thou the olde name styll that thou had
Crafty conuey. ¶ Why wenyest thou hoz son that I were so mad
Fanly ¶ Nay nay he hath chaunged his & I haue chaunged myne
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ Nowe what is his name and what is thyne
Fanly ¶ In faythe largesse I hyght
 And I am made a knyght.
Cōuterfet cōū. ¶ A rebellyon agaynst nature.
 So large a man and so lytell of stature
 But syz howe counterfetyd ye
 Sure suruepaunce I named me
Crafty conuey. ¶ Suruepaunce where is suruey

Thysse hath the lost her coler kape
 Fanly But is it not well howe thynkest thou
 Couñterfet cou. Yes sye I gyue god auowe
 Myselfe coude not counterfet it better
 But what became of the letter
 That I counterfeyted you vnderneath a thowde
 Fanly By the maske odly well alowde
 Crafty conuey. By god had not I it conuayed
 yet fanly had ben dysceyued
 Couñterfet cou. I wote thou arte falle ynoughe for one
 Fanly By my trouthe we had ben gone
 And yet in fayth man we lacked the
 For to speke with lyberte
 Couñterfet cou. What is largesse without lyberte
 Crafty conuey. By mesure mastered yet is he
 Couñterfet cou. What is your conueyaunce no better
 Fanly In fayth mesure is lyke a tetter
 That ouer groweth a mannes face
 So he ruleth ouer all our place
 Crafty conuey. Nowe therfore whylest we are togyder
 Counterfet countenaunce nay come hyder
 I say whylest we are togyder in same
 Couñterfet cou. Custe a strawe it is a shame
 That we can no better than so
 Fanly We wyl remedye it man or we go
 For lyke as mustarde is sharpe of taste
 Ryght so a sharpe fanly must be founde
 wherwith mesure to confounde
 Crafty conuey. Can you a remedye for a rylke
 That sheweth your selfe thus spedde in physyke
 Couñterfet cou. It is a gentyll reason of a rake
 Fanly For all these japes yet that we make
 Crafty conuey. Your fanly maketh myne elbowe to ake
 Fanly Let se fynde you a better way
 Couñterfet cou. Take no dyspleasure of that we say
 Crafty conuey. Nay and you be angry and ouerwharte
 A man may beshrowe your angry harte
 Fanly Custe a strawe I thought none yll
 Couñterfet cou. What shall we Jangle thus all the day yll
 Crafty conuey. Nay let vs our heddes togyder cast
 Fanly. We and se howe it may be compast
 That mesure were cast out of the dozes
 Couñterfet cou. Alaske where is my botes and my ipozes
 Crafty conuey. In all this hast whether wyl ye ryde
 Couñterfet cou. I trowe it shall not nede to abyde
 Lockes woundes se syys se se

**Hic ingreditur cloked colufyon cum clato aspectu deoz-
sum et sursum ambulando.**

- Fansy** **Cockes armes what is he**
Crafty conuey. **By cockes harte he loketh hye**
De hawketh me thynke for a butterflye
Coüterfet coüt. **Howe by cockes harte well abyden**
For had you not come I had ryden
Cloked colufyö **Thy wordes be but wynde neuer they haue no wayght**
Thou hast made me play the Iurde hayte
Coüterfet coü. **And yf ye knewe howe I haue mused**
I am sure ye wolde haue me excused
Cloked colufyö **I say come hyder what are these twayne**
Coüterfet coü. **By god syz this is fanly small bwayne**
And crafty conuayaunce knowe you not hym
Cloked colufyö **I knowe hym syz quod he / yes by saynt sym.**
Here is a leyshe of ratches to renne an hare
woo is that purse that ye shall share
Fansy **What call ye hym this**
Crafty conuey. **I trowe that he is**
Coüterfet coü. **Tulhe holde your pece**
Se you not howe they pzece
For to knowe your name
Cloked colufyö **I knowe they not me they are to blante**
I knowe you not me syzs.
Fansy **No in dede**
Crafty conuey. **Abyde lette me se / take better hede**
Cockes harte it is cloked colufyon.
Cloked colufyö **A syz I pray god gyue you confufyon**
Fansy **Cockes armes is that your name**
Coüterfet coü. **Ye by the masse this is euen the same**
That all this matter must vnder grope
Crafty conuey. **What is this he wcreth a cope**
Cloked colufyö **Cappe syz I say you be to bolde.**
Fansy **Se howe he is wrapped for the colde**
Is it not a vestment
Cloked colufyö **A ye wante a rope**
Coüterfet coü. **Tulhe it is syz Iohn double cloke**
Fansy **Syz and yf ye wolde not be wrothe**
Cloked colufyö **What sayst**
Fansy **Here was to lytell clothe**
Cloked colufyö **A fanly fanly god sende the bwayne**
Fansy **Ye for your wyrt is cloked for the rayne**
Crafty conuey. **Nay lette vs net clatter thus syll**
Cloked colufyö **Tell me syzs / what is your wyll**
Coüterfet coü. **Syz it is so that these twayne**
with magnyfyence in housholde do remayne
And there they wolde hane me to dwell

But I wyll be ruled after your counsell
 Fanſy ¶ Hary ſo wyll we alſo
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ But tell me where aboute ye go
 Coūterfet coū. ¶ By god we wolde gete vs all thyrder
 Spell the remenaunt and do togyder
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ Hath magnyſyence ony treſure
 Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye but he ſpendeth it all in meſure
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ Why dwelleth meſure where ye two dwell
 In ſaythe he were better to dwell in hell
 Fanſy ¶ Yet where we wonne nowe there wonneth he
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ And haue you not amonge you lyberte
 Coūterfet coū. ¶ Ye but he is a captypte
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ What the deuyl howe may that be
 Coūterfet coū. ¶ I can not tell you why aſke you me
 Aſke theſe two that there dothe dwell
 Crafty conuey. ¶ Syr the playneſſe you tell me
 There dwelleth a maſter men calleth meſure
 Fanſy ¶ Ye and he hath rule of all his treſure
 Crafty conuey. ¶ May eyther let me tell or elles tell ye
 Fanſy ¶ I care not I tell on for me
 Coūterfet coū. ¶ I pray god let you neuer to thee
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ What the deuyl ayleth you can you not agree
 Crafty conuey. ¶ I wyll paſſe ouer the cyrcumſtaunce
 And ſhortly ſhewe you the hole ſubſtaunce
 Fanſy and I we twayne
 with magnyſyence in houſholde do remayne
 And counterfeted our names we haue
 Craftely all thynges byrght to ſaue
 His name largeſſe ſurueyaunce myne
 Magnyſyence to vs begynneth to enclyne
 Counterfet countenaunce to haue alſo
 And wolde that we ſholde for hym go
 Coūterfet coū. ¶ But ſhall I haue myne olde name ſtyll
 Crafty conuey. ¶ Deale I haue not yet ſayd what I wyll
 Fanſy ¶ Here is a pyſtell of a poſtyke
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ Tyl the ſonnyſſe fanſy thou arte frantike
 Tell on ſyr howe then
 Crafty conuey. ¶ Hary ſyr he tolde vs when
 we had hym founde we ſholde hym byrynge
 And that we ſayled not for nothyng
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ All this ye may eaſely byrynge aboute
 Fanſy ¶ Hary the better and meſure were out
 Cloked coluſyō ¶ Why can ye not put out that foule freke
 Crafty conuey. ¶ No in euery corner he wyll peke
 So that we haue no lyberte
 Nor no man in courte but he

For lyberte he hath in gydyng
 Coüterfet cou. ¶ In sayth and without lyberte there is no bydyng
 Fanyf ¶ In sayth and lybertyes come is there but small
 Cloked coluspo ¶ Heir that lyke I nothyng at all
 But counterfet countenaunce go we togydet
 All thre I say
 Coüterfet cou. ¶ Shall I go whyder.
 Cloked coluspo ¶ To Magnyfyce with vs twayne
 And in his seruyce the to retayne
 Coüterfet cou. ¶ But then syz what shall I hyght
 Crafty conuey. ¶ We and I talkyd therof to nyght
 Fanyf ¶ We my fanyf was out of owle syght
 For it is out of my mynde quight
 Crafty conuey. ¶ And now it cometh to my remembraunce
 Syz ye shall hyght good demeynauce
 Coüterfet cou. ¶ By the armes of calys well conceived
 Crafty conuey. ¶ When we haue hym thyder conuayed
 what and I frame luche a syght
 That fanyf with his sonde consayte
 But magnyfyce in luche a madnesse
 That he shall haue you in the stede of sadnesse
 And sober sadnesse shalbe your name
 Cloked coluspo ¶ By cockys body here begynneth the game
 For then shall we so craftely carpe
 That mesure shall not there longe tary
 Fanyf ¶ For cockys harte tary whylst that I come agayne
 Crafty conuey. ¶ We wyll se you shortly one of vs twayne
 Coüterfet cou. ¶ Now let vs go and we shall then
 Cloked coluspo ¶ Nowe let se quyte you lyke praty men
 ¶ Sic deambulat.
 ¶ To passe the tyme and order whyle a man may talke
 Of one thyng and other to occupy the place
 Then for the season that I here shall walke
 As good to be occupyd as by and done to trace
 And do nothyng how be it full ytell grace
 There cometh and groweth of my conyng
 For clokyd colusyon is a perylous thyng
 Double delynge and I be all one
 Craftyng and hastyng contrpyed is by me
 I can dyssemble I can bothe laughe and grone
 Blayne delynge and I can neuer agre
 But dyspyson dyskenyon dyspyson these thre
 And I am counterfet of one mynde and thought
 By f menys of myschyes to byng all thyng to nought
 And though I be so odious a geste
 And euery man gladly my company wolde refuse

In saythe yet am I occuppyd with the best
 Full fowr that can themselfe of me excuse
 whan other men laughe than study I and muse
 Deuylsynge the meanes and wayes that I can
 How I may hurte and hynder euery man
 Two faces in a hede couertly I bere
 water in the one hande and fyre in the other
 I can fede forth a fole and lede hym by the eyre
 Falshode in felowshyp is my swoorne brother.
 By cloked colusyon I say and none other
 Comberaunce and trouble in Englande fyrst I began
 From that lord to that lord I rode and I ran
 And flattered them with fables sayre befoze they face.
 And tolde all y myschpye I coude behynde theyr backe.
 And made as I had knowen nothyng of the case
 I wolde begyn all myschpye but I wolde bere no lacke
 Thus can I lerne you fyre to bere the deuyls sacke
 And yet I trowe some of you be better sped than I
 Frendshyp to fayne and thynke full lytherly
 Paynte to a purpose good countenaunce I can.
 And craftely can I grope howe euery man is mynded.
 My purpose is to spy and to poynte euery man.
 My tonge is with fauell forked and tynd
 By cloked colusyon thus many one is begyled.
 Eche man to hynder I gaze and I gaspe
 My speche is all pleasure but I styngge lyke a waspe
 I am neuer glad but whan I may do yll.
 And neuer am I sozry but whan that I se
 I can not myne appetyte accomplyshe and fulfyll
 In hynderaunce of welthe and prosperyte
 I laughe at all shrewdenes and lye at lyberte
 I multer I medle amonge these grete estates
 I sowe sedycyous sedes of dyscorde and debates
 To flater and to flery is all my pretence
 Amonge all suche perlonas as I well vnderstonde
 Be lyght of hyleue and hasty of credence
 I make them to startyll and sparkyll lyke a bzonde.
 I moue them I make them I make them so fonde
 That they wyl here no man but the fyrst tale
 And so by these meanes I brew moche bale

Hic ingreditur courtly abusyon cantando:

Courtly abusio **H**uffa huffa taunderum taunderu tayne huffa huffa

Cloked colusyo **T**his was properly prated fyre what sayd a

Courtly abusio **R**utty bully Joly rutterkyn heyda

Cloked colusyo **D**e que pays este vous.

Et faciat tanq̃ exiat beretrum cronice.

Courtly abusyō Decke your hofte and couer a lobre
 Cloked colusyō Say vour chaunter venter tre daboce
 Courtly abusyō Wyda wyda.
 Howe sayst thou man am not I a Joly rutter.
 Cloked colusyō Gyue this gentylman rome syz stonde vitter
 By god syz what nede all this waste
 what is this a betell oz a batowe oz a buskyn lacyd
 Courtly abusyō What wenyest thou y I knowe the not clokyd colusyō
 Cloked colusyō And wenyest thou y I knowe not y cankard abusyon
 Courtly abusyō Cankard Jacke hare loke thou be not rusty
 For y shalt well knowe I am nother durty nor dusty.
 Cloked colusyō Dusty nay syz ye be all of the lusty
 Howe be it of scape thy yste your clothes smelleth musty
 But whether art thou walkynge in faythe vnfaynyd
 Courtly abusyō Hary with magnyfyccnce I wolde be retaynyd
 Cloked colusyō By the masse for the cowyte thou art a mete man
 Thy sylppers they swap it / yet y sotys it lyke a swāne
 Courtly abusyō Ye so I can deuyse my gere after the cowrtly maner
 Cloked colusyō So thou arte personable to bere a prynces baner.
 By godd fote & I dare well syght for I wyll not start
 Courtly abusyō Nay art a man good ynough but for thy false harte
 Cloked colusyō Well and I be a coward theris mo than I
 Courtly abusyō Ye in faythe a bolde man and a hardy
 Cloked colusyō A bolde man in a hole of newe ale in coznyz
 Courtly abusyō Wyll ye se this gentylman is all in his skoznyz
 Clokyd colusyō But are ye not auyced to dwell where ye spake
 Courtly abusyō I am of fewe wordys I loue not to barke
 Beryst thou any rome oz cannyst thou do ought
 Cannyst thou helpe in fauer that I myght be brought
 Clokyd colusyō I may do somwhat and moze I thynke shall
 Here cometh in Crasty conuepaunce poyntyng
 with his synger and sayth. Hem colusyō.
 Courtly abusyō Cockys harte who is yonde that for the dothe call
 Clokyd colusyō Nay come at ones for the armys of the dyce
 Courtly abusyō Cockys armys he hath callyd for the troyce
 Clokyd colusyō By cockys harte and call shall agayne
 To come to me I trowe he shalbe fayne
 Courtly abusyō What is thy harte pryckyd with such a prowde pyngne
 Cloked colusyō Tulse he that hath nede man let hym rynne
 Crasty conuey. Nay come away man thou playst the cayser
 Courtly abusyō By the masse thou shalt byde my leyler
 Crasty conuey. A byde syz y he-mary so I do
 Courtly abusyō He wyll come man when he may tende to
 Crasty conuey. What the deuyll who sent for the
 Clokyd colusyō Here he is now man mayst thou not se
 Crasty conuey. What the deuyll man what thou menyest
 Art thou so angry as thou semyst

Courtly abusio ¶ What the deuyl can ye agre no better
Crafty conuey. ¶ What the deuyl where had we this ioly Jetter
Cloked colusyō ¶ What sayst thou man why dost thou not supplie
 And desyre me thy good mayster to be
Courtly abusyō ¶ Spekest thou to me
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Ye so I tell the
Courtly abusyō ¶ Cock bones I ne tell can
 whiche of you is the better man
 Or whiche of you can do most
Crafty conuay. ¶ In fayth I rule moche of the roste
Cloke d colusyō ¶ Kule the roste ye thou woldest
 As skante thou had no nede of me
Crafty conuay. ¶ Rede yes mary I say not nay
Courtly abusio ¶ Cockes hate I trowe thou wylte make a fray
Crafty conuey. ¶ Say in good saythe it is but the gyle
Clokyd colusyō ¶ No for or we stryke we wyl be aduysed twyse
Courtly abusio ¶ What the deuyl vse ye not to drawe no swordes
Crafty conuey. ¶ No by my trouthe but crake grete wordes
Courtly abusyō ¶ Why is this the gyle now a dayes
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Ye for surety oite peas is taken for frapes
 But sye I wyl haue this man with me
Crafty conuey. ¶ Conuey your selfe sye let se
Clokyd colusyō ¶ Well tary here tyll I for you sende
Crafty conuey. ¶ Why shall he be of your bende
Cloked colusyō ¶ Tary here wote ye what I say
Courtly abusyō ¶ I waraunt you I wyl not go away
Crafty conuey. ¶ By saynt mary he is a tawle man
Cloked colusyō ¶ Ye and do ryght good seruyce he can
 I knowe in hym no defaute
 But that the hoz son is proude and hawte
 ¶ And so they go out of the place.
Courtly abusio ¶ Nay purchace ye a pardon for the pole
 For pryde hath plucked the by the nose
 As well as me I wolde and I durste
 But now I wyl not say the worst
 ¶ Courtly abusyon alone in the place.
 ¶ What now let se/ who loketh on me
 well/rounde aboute/ howe gay and howe stoute
 That I can were/ courtly my gere
 Why heere bussyth/ so pleasauntly
 Why robe rishyth/ so ruttyngly
 Why seme I flye/ I am so lyght
 To daunce de lyght
 Properly drest/ all poynte deuyse
 Whyperstone prest/ beyonde all lyse
 Of the newe gyle
 To rushe it oute/ in euery route

Beyonde measure/ my leue is wyde
 All of pleasure
 My hote strayte tyde/ my buskyn wyde
 Ryche to beholde/ gletteryng in golde
 A bulyon/ forsothe I hyght
 Confusyon/ shall on hym lyght
 By day or by nyght/ that vseth me
 He can not thee
 A very son/ a very aske
 Wyl take vpon/ to compasse
 That neuer was/ abusyd befoze
 A very poze/ that so wyl do
 He doth abuse/ hym selfe to to
 He dothe myse vte/ eche man take a se
 To crake and prate/ I be foule his pate
 This newe sonne Jet/ from out of Fraunce
 First I dyd set/ made purueaunce
 And suche ordenaunce
 That all men it founde/ through out Englonde
 All this nacyon/ I set on fyre
 In my facyon
 This theyr desyre/ this newe a tyre
 This ladyes haue/ I it them gaue
 Spare for no coste
 And yet in dede/ it is coste losse
 Moche more than nede/ for to excede
 In suche aray
 Howe be it I say/ a carlys sonne brought vp of nought
 wythme wyl wonne/ whylst he hath ought
 He wyl haue wrought
 His gowne so wyde/ that he may hyde
 His dame and his fyre/ within his ilue
 Spende all his hyre/ that men hym grue
 wherfore I proue/ a tybozne checke
 Shall breke his necke

Here cometh in fanly craynge stow stow.

All is out of harre/ and out of trace
 A warre and warre/ in euery place
 But what the deuyll art thou/ that cryest stow stow

fanly.

What whom haue we here Jenkyn Joly
 Howe welcom by the god holy

Courtly abusyd What fanly my frende howe diste thou fare

Fanly By cryst as mery as a marche hare

Courtly abusyd What the deuyll hast thou on thy syte/ an owle

Fanly Nay it is a farly fowle

Courtly abusyd He thynke the frowne and lokys sowre

Call

Fansy **C**orde manhit is an hawke of the towre
 She is made for the malarde fat
Courtly abusio **W**ethynke she is well becke to cathe a rat
 But nowe what tydynges can you tell let se
Fansy **M**ary I am come for the
Courtly abusio **F**or me
Fansy **P**e for the so I say
Courtly abusio **H**owe so tell me I the pray
Fansy **W**hy harde thou not of the fray
 That fell amonge vs this same day
Courtly abusio **N**o mary not yet
Fansy **W**hat the deuyll neuer a whyt.
Courtly abusio **N**o by the mask what sholde I swere
Fansy **I**n faythe lyberte is nowe a lusty spere
Courtly abusio **W**hy vnder whom was he abydyng
Fansy **M**ary mesure had hym a whyle in gydyng
 Tyll as the deuyll wolde they fell a chydyng
 with crasty conuaynace
Courtly abusio **P**e dyd they so
Fansy **P**e by goddes sacrament and with other mo
Courtly abusio **W**hat neded that in the drypys date
Fansy **Y**es yes he fell with me also at debate
Courtly abusio **W**ith the also / what he playeth the state
Fansy **P**e but I bade hym pyke out of the gate
 By goddes body so dyd I
Courtly abusio **B**y the mask well done and boldely
Fansy **H**olde thy pease mesure shall frome vs walke
Courtly abusio **W**hy is he crossed than with a chalke
Fansy. **C**rossed / pe checked out of consayte
Courtly abusio **H**owe so
Fansy **B**y god by a praty slyght
 As here after thou shalte knowe more
 But I must tary here / go thou befoze
Courtly abusio **W**ith whom shall I there mete.
Fansy **C**rasty conueynace standeth in the strete
 Euen of purpose for the same
Courtly abusio **P**e but what shall I call my name
Fansy **C**ockes harte tourne the let me se thynne aray
 Cockes bones this is all of Iohn de gay
Courtly abusio **S**o I am poynted after my consayte
Fansy. **M**ary thou Jettes it of hyght
Courtly abusio **P**e but of my name let vs be wyle
Fansy **M**ary lusty pleasure by myne aduise
 To name thyselfe come of it were done
Courtly abusio **F**arewell my frende
Fansy **A**duet yll sone
 Stowe by / de stowe stowe

It is best I fede my hawke nob
 There is many euill faueryd and thou be soule
 Eche thyng is sayd tohen it is yonge/all hayte owle
 No this is
 My fanly I wox
 Howe cryst it blysk
 It is by Jesse
 A byrde full swete/for me full mete
 She is furred for the hete
 All to the sete
 Her browys bent/her eyen glent
 Frome tyne to trent/from stroude to kent
 A man shall fynde many of her kynde
 Howe standeth the wynde/before or behynde
 Barbyd lyke a nonne/for burnyng of the sonne
 Her fethers don ne/well faueryd bonne
 Howe let me se about/in all this rowte
 If I can fynde out/so semely a snout
 Amonge this prele/euen a hole mese
 Deale man deale/I rede we seale
 So farly saye as it lokys
 And her becke so comely crokys
 Her naylys sharpe as tenter hokys
 I haue not kept her yet thre wokys
 And howe still she dothe lye
 Teuyt teuyt/where is my wyte
 The deuyll speke whyt
 That was befoze I set behynde
 Howe to curteys forthwith vnkynde
 Somtyme to sober/somtyme to ladde
 Somtyme to mery/somtyme to madde
 Somtyme I lye as I were tolempe proude
 Somtyme I laughe ouer lowde
 Somtyme I wepe for a gew gaw
 Somtyme I laughe at waggyng of a straw
 With a pere my soue you may wyne
 And ye may lese it for a pynne
 I haue a thyng for to say
 And I may tende thet to for play
 But in saythe I am so occupied
 On this halfe and on euery lyde
 That I wote not where I may rest
 If yst to tell you what were best
 Frantke fanly serupce I hyght
 My wyttys be weke my brayns are lyght
 For it is I that other whyle

Plucke downe lede and theke with tyle
 Nowe I wyll this and nowe I wyll that
 Make a wyndmyll of a mat
 Nowe I wolde and I wylt what
 where is my cappe I haue lost my hat
 And within an houre after
 Plucke downe an house and set vp a rafter
 Hyder and thyder I wote not whyder
 Do and vndo bothe togyder
 Of a spyndell I wyll make a sparre
 All that I make forthwith I marre
 I blunder I bluster I blowe and I blother
 I make on the one day and I marre on the other
 Bysy bysy and euery bysy
 I daunce vp and downe tyll I am dysy
 I can synde fantasyes where none is
 I wyll not haue it / so I wyll haue it this

¶ Hic ingreditur folpquesiando crema et faciendo
 multum feriendo tabulas et similia.

Folp.

¶ Maysters cryst saue euerychone
 what fansy arte thou here alone

Fansy
 Folp

¶ what sonnyllhe folp I besole thy face

¶ what frantpke fansy in a soles case

what is this an owle oz a glede

By my trouthe he hathe a grete hede.

Fansy

¶ Tullhe thy lyppes hange in thyne eyes.

It is a frenche butterflye

Folp

¶ By my trouthe I trowe well

But she is leske a grete dele

Than a butterflye of our lande

Fansy

¶ what pylde curre ledest thou in thy hande

Folp

¶ A pylde curre

Fansy

¶ ye so I tell the a pylde curre

Folp

¶ yet I solde his skynne to make murre

In the stede of a budge furre

Fansy

¶ what slepest thou his skynne euery pere

Folp

¶ yes in saythe I thanke god I may here

Fansy

¶ what thou wylte coughe me a dawne for forty pens

Folp

¶ Mary syz cokermowthe is a good way heng

Fansy

¶ what / of cokermowth spake I no worde

Folp

¶ By my saythe syz the frubylsher hach my swordes

Fansy

¶ A I trowe ye shall coughe me a sole

Folp

¶ In saythe trouthe ye say we wente togyder to scole

Fansy

¶ ye but I can somwhat moze of the letter

Folp

¶ I wyll not gyue an halsepenny for to chole the better.

falsy.

¶ But broder falsy I wonder moche of one thyng
That thou so hye fro me doth spryng
And I so lytell alway styll

foly.

¶ By god I can tell the and I wyll
Thou art so feble fantastreall
And so brayn spyke therwithall
And thy wyt wanderynge here and there
That thou cannyst not growe out of thy bores gere
And as for me I take but one solyshe way
And therfore I growe moze on one day
Than thou can in yerys leuen.

falsy.

¶ In saythe trouth thou sayst now by god of heuen
For so with fantasies my wyt dothe flete
That wysdome and I shall seldome mete
Nowe of good felowshyp let me by thy hogge

foly.

¶ Cockys harte thou lyst I am no dogge

falsy.

¶ Here is no man that callyd the hogge nor swyne

foly.

¶ In saythe man my brayne is as good as thyne

falsy.

¶ The deuyls torde for thy brayne

foly.

¶ By my spers soule I fele no rayne

falsy.

¶ By the malle I holde the madde

foly.

¶ Mary I knewe the when thou wast a ladde

falsy.

¶ Cockys bonys herde ye euer spyke another

foly.

¶ Ye a sole the tone and a sole the tother

falsy.

¶ Nay but wotest thou what I do say

foly.

¶ Why sayst thou that I was here yester day

falsy.

¶ Cockys armys this is a warke I trowe

foly.

¶ What callst thou me a donnysh crowe

falsy.

¶ Nowe in good saythe thou art a sonde gess

foly.

¶ Ye bere me this strawe to a dawys nest

falsy.

¶ What wenyst thou that I were so solyshe & so sonde

foly.

¶ In saythe ellys is there none in all Englonde

falsy.

¶ Yet for my falsy sake I say

¶ Let me haue thy dogge what soeuer I pay

foly.

¶ Thou shalt haue my purse and I wyll haue thyne

falsy.

¶ By my trouth there is myne

foly.

¶ Nowe by my trouth man take there is myne

And I besyrowe hym that hath the worle

falsy.

¶ Torde I say what haue I do.

¶ Here is nothyng but the bockyll of a sho

And in my purse was twenty marke

foly.

¶ Ha ha ha herke spys harke

For all that my name hyght falsy

By the malle yet art thou more sole than I

falsy.

¶ Yet gyue me thy dogge and I am content

And thou shalt haue my hauke to a botchment

Di.

folp.

Parma

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly.

folp.

fanly

folp

fanly.

folp.

fanly

folp

fanly

folp

fanly

¶ That euer thou thyne god it forsende

For goddes rope thou wilt spende

Nowe take thou my dogge and gyue me thy sowle

¶ May chyllhe come hyder

¶ May tozde take hym be tyme

¶ What callest thou thy dogge

¶ Tylle his name is gryme.

¶ Come gryme come gryme it is my praty dogges

¶ In saythe there is not a better dogge for hogges

¶ Not from A nycke vnto aungey

¶ Be but trowest thou that he be not maungey.

¶ No by my trouthe it is but the scurfe and the scabbe

¶ What he hathe ben hurte with a stabbe

¶ May in saythe it was but a strype

¶ That the hozlon had for etyng of a trype

¶ Where the deuyll gate he all these hurtes

¶ By god for snatchynge of puddynge and worteg

¶ What then he is some good pooze mannes curte

¶ Be but he wilt in at euery mannes doze

¶ Nowe thou hast done me a pleasure grete

¶ In saythe I wolde thou had a marmosete

¶ Cockes harte I loue suche Japes

¶ Be for all thymynde is on owles and apes

¶ But I haue thy pultre and thou hast my catell

¶ Be but thypte and we haue made a batell

¶ Remembrest thou not the Japes and the toyes

¶ What that we bled whan we were boyes

¶ Be by the rode euen the same

¶ Yes yes I am yet as full of game

¶ As euer I was and as full of tryfys

¶ Nil nichelum nihil anglice nyfys

¶ What canest thou all this lutyne yet.

¶ And hath so maled a wandrynge wote

¶ Tylle man I kepe some latyn in stoze

¶ By cockes harte I wene thou hast no moze

¶ No yes in saythe I can verlyfy.

¶ Then I pray the hartely.

¶ Make a verle of my butterfly

¶ It forseth not of the reason so it kepe tyme

¶ But wylte thou make another on gryme

¶ May in sayth fyrst let me here thyne

¶ Mary as for that thou shalte sone here myne

¶ Et in aui inago with a shrewde face vilis imago.

¶ Versus.

¶ Gribalds gredey snatthe a puddynge tyl frost be redde

¶ By the harte of god well done

¶ Here folp maketh semblaunt to take a lowse
from crafty conuepaunce shoulder.
 fanly. **¶ What hast thou founde there**
 folp. **¶ By god a lowse**
 Crafty conuey. **¶ By cockes harte I trowe thou lyte**
 folp. **¶ By the make a sparryshe moght with a gray lyfte**
 fanly. **¶ Ha ha ha ha ha ha.**
 Crafty conuey. **¶ Cockes armes it is not so I trowe.**
¶ Here crafty conuaunce putteth of his gobone:
 folp. **¶ Put on thy gobone agayne for nowe thou hast lost**
 fanly. **¶ Lo John a bonam where is thy byayne.**
¶ Nowe put on sole thy cote agayne
 folp. **¶ Spue me my grete for thou hast lost**
¶ Here folp maketh semblaunt to take money
of crafty conuepaunce saynge to hym.
 fanly. **¶ Shyt thy purse dawne and do no cost**
 Crafty conuey. **¶ Nowe hast thou not a promde moche & a starke**
 fanly. **¶ With yes by the rode of wodstocke parke.**
 Crafty conuey. **¶ Nay I tell the he maketh no dowtes**
¶ To tourne a sole out of his elowtes.
 folp. **¶ And for a sole a man wolde hym take**
 fanly. **¶ Nay it is I that soles can make**
¶ For be he capter oz he be kynge
¶ To selowshyp with folp I can hym bynge
 Crafty conuey. **¶ Nay wylte thou here nowe of his scoles.**
 fanly. **¶ And what maner of people he maketh soles.**
 Crafty conuey. **¶ Ye let vs here a woꝛde oz twayne**
 folp. **¶ Syr of my maner I shall tell you the playne**
¶ First I lay before them my bybyll
¶ And teche them howe they sholde syt ydyl
¶ To pyke theyꝝ fyngers all the day longe
¶ So in theyꝝ eyꝛe I syng them a songe
¶ And make them so longe to muse.
¶ That some of them renneth straght to the stule
¶ To theste and byboury I make some fall
¶ And pyke a locke and clyme a wall
¶ And where I spy a nyot gay
¶ That wyll syt ydyl all the day
¶ And can not set herselfe to warke
¶ I kyndell in her luche a lyther sparke
¶ That rubbed she must be on the gall
¶ Bytwene the tap and the wall
 Crafty conuey. **¶ What hozson arte thou suche a one**
 fanly. **¶ Nay beyonde all other set hym alone**
 Crafty conuey. **¶ Hast thou ony moze let se procede.**

Folz

Folz

Come by god sy for a nede
I haue another maner of sorte
That I laugh at for my dyspoyte
And those be they that come vp of nought
As some be not ferce and yf it were well sought
Suche dawps what soeuer they be
That be set in auctozite

A none he warpyth so hy and proud
He stownyth syerly bymylly browde
The knaue wolde make it koy and he cowde
All that he dothe muste be alowde
And this is not well done lye take hede
And maketh hym besy where is no nede
He dawpys so longe hey trolp loly
That euery man laughyth at his folp

Crafty conuey. By the good lord truthe he sayth
falsy. C bynkyt thou not so by thy sayth

Crafty conuey. C Thynke I not so q he ellys haue I thame
foly. For I knowe dyuerse that vseth the same

But nowe for sothe man it maketh no mater
For they that wyll so bysely sinater
So helpe me god man euer at the length
I make hym lese moche of theyr strength
For with folp so do I them lede
That wylt he wantyth when he hath moste nede

Falsly folp. For sothe tell on hast thou any moze
foly. Yes I shall tell you oz I go

Of dyuerse mo that hauntyth my scolys

Crafty conuey. All men beware of suche folys
foly. There be two lyther rude and ranke

Synkyn tetryuell and pers pykthanke
Theyr lythers I lerne them for to lere
What he sayth and he sayth to say good eve
And tell to his sufferayne euery whyt
And then he is moche made of for his whyt
And be the mater yll moze oz lesse
He wyll make it mykyl woyle than it is
But all that he dothe and yf he reken well
It is but folp euery dell

Falsly Are not his wordys cursydly comchyd

Crafty conuey. By god there be some that be shroudly towchyd
foly. But I say let se and yf thou haue any moze

I haue an hole armory of suche haburdasse in floze
For there be other that folp dothe vse
That folowe sonde fantasys and vertu refuse

D.iii.

fanly. **¶** Nay that is my parte that thou spekest of notoz;
 Foly **¶** So is all the remenaunt I make god auowe
 For thou fourmest suche fantasies in theyr mynde
 That eueryman almost groweth out of kynde.
 Crafty conuay. **¶** By the masse I am glad that I came hyder.
 To here you two rutters dyspute togyder
 Fanly **¶** Nay but fanly must be eyther fyrst or last
 Foly **¶** But whan foly cometh all is past
 Fanly **¶** I wote not whether it cometh of the or of me
 But all is foly that I can se
 Crafty conuay. **¶** Mary syr ye may swere it on a boke
 Foly **¶** Ye tourne ouer the lese rede there and loke
 Howe frantpke fanly fyrst of all
 Maketh man and woman in foly to fall
 Crafty conuay. **¶** A syr a howe by that
 Fanly **¶** A peryllous thynge to cast a cat
 Upon a naked man and yf she scrat
 Foly **¶** So how I say the hare is squat
 For frantpke fanly thou makest men madde
 And I foly byngeth them to qui sult gadde
 With qui sult byayne seke I haue them brought
 From qui sult aliquid to syrre shakynge nought
 Crafty conuay. **¶** Well argued and surely on bothe sydes
 But for the fanly magnyfyceunce abydes
 Fanly **¶** Why shall I not haue foly with me also.
 Crafty conuay. **¶** Yes perde man whether that ye ryde or go
 Yet for his name we must fynde a shyfte
 Fanly **¶** By the masse he shall hyght confayte
 Crafty conuay. **¶** Not a better name vnder the sonne
 With magnyfyceunce thou shalte wonne
 Foly **¶** God haue mercy good godfather
 Crafty conuay. **¶** Yet I wolde that ye had gone rather.
 For as sone as you come in magnyfyceunce syght
 All mesure and good rule is gone quyte
 Fanly **¶** And shall we haue lyberte to do what we wyl
 Crafty conuay. **¶** Ryot at lyberte rustheth it out styll
 Foly **¶** Ye but tell me one thynge
 Crafty conuay. **¶** What is that
 Foly **¶** Who is mayster of the masse sat
 Fanly **¶** Ye for he hathe a full dry soule
 Crafty conuay. **¶** Cockes armes thou shalte kepe the brewhouse boule.
 Foly **¶** But may I drynke therof whylest that I stare
 Crafty conuay. **¶** When mesure is gone what nedest thou spare
 Whan mesure is gone we may see care
 Foly **¶** Howe then goo we hens away the mare

Crafty conueyaunce alone in the place.
Crafty conuey. It is wonder to se the worlde aboute
 To se what foly is vsed in euery place
 Foly hath a come I say in euery route
 To put where he lyst foly hath fre chace
 Foly and fanly all where euery man dothe face & brace
 Foly sotyrth it properly fanly ledyth the daunce
 And next come I after crafty conueyaunce
 who so to me gyueth good aduertence
 Shall se many thyngys donne craftely
 By me conueyed is wanton insolence
 By yuy poyntmentys conueyed so properly
 For many tymes moche kynndneske is denyed
 For drede that we dare not ofte lest we be spred
 By me is conueyed mykyl praty ware
 Somtyme I say behynde the doze for nede
 I haue an hoby can make larkys to dare
 I knyt togyther many a broken threde
 It is great almeske the hunger to fede
 To clothe the nakyd where is lackynge a smocke
 Crymme ather taylor oz a man can turne a socke
 What howe be ye mery was it not well conueyed
 As oft as ye lyst so honeste be sau'd
 Alas dere harte loke that we be not persepuyd
 without crafte nothyng is well behau'd
 Though I shewe you curtesly say not that I craue
 yet conuey it craftely and hardely spare not for me
 So that there knowe no man but I and she
 These also and pety byberty
 without me be full oft aspyed
 Why inwoyt delynge there can no man dyscry
 Conuey it be crafte lyst and lay a lyde
 Full moche flattery and falschode I hyde
 And by crafty conueyaunce I wyll and I can
 Saue a stronge thefe and hange a trew man
 But some man wolde conuey and can not skyll
 As malypert tauernars ychecke with theyr betters
 Theyr conueyaunce weltyth the worke all by wyll
 And some wyll take vpon them to conterfet letters
 And therewith all couey hymselfe into a paye of fetters
 And some wyll conuey by the pzetence of sadneske
 Tyll all theyr conueyaunce is turnyd into madneske
 Crafty conueyaunce is no chyldeys game
 By crafty coueyaunce many one is brought vp of nought
 Crafty conueyaunce can cloke hymselfe frome shame
 For by crafty coueyaunce woderful thyng are wrought

Magnifycence ¶ To rule as ye lyst lo here is lyberte
Lyberte. ¶ I am here redy
Fansy ¶ What shall we haue welth at our gydyng to rule as
 The fare well thysie by hym y cross kyst. (we lyst)
Felycrite. ¶ I truste, por t grace wyl be agreabyll
 That I shall suffer none impechment
 By theyr demenaunce nor losse repzyuable
Magnifycence ¶ Syr ye shall folowe myne appetyte and intent
Felycrite. ¶ So it be by mesure I am ryght well content
Fansy ¶ What all by mesure good syr and none excess
Lyberte. ¶ Why welth hath made many a man bzapnlesse
Felycrite. ¶ That was by the menyys of to moche lyberte
Magnifycence ¶ What can ye agree thus and appole
Felycrite ¶ Syr as I say there was no faute in me
Lyberte. ¶ Ye of Iacke a thronnyss bybyll can ye make a glos
Fansy ¶ Soze sayde I tell you and well to the purpose
 what sholde a mau do with you loke you vnder bay
Felycrite ¶ I say it is fol to gyue all welth away
Lyberte. ¶ Whether sholde welth be rulyd by lyberte
 Or lyberte by welth let se tell me that
Felycrite ¶ Syr as me semeth ye sholde be rulyd by me
Magnifycence ¶ What nede you with hym thus prate and chat
Fansy. ¶ Shewe vs your mynde then howe to do and what
Magnifycence ¶ I say that I wyl ye haue hym in gydyng
Lyberte. ¶ Mayster felycrite let be your chydyng
 And so as ye se it wyl be no better
 Take it in woorth the suche as ye fynde
Fansy ¶ What the deuyl man your name shalbe the greter
 For welth without largesse is all out of kynde
Lyberte. ¶ And welth is nought woorth / y lyberte be behynde
Magnifycence ¶ Howe holde ye content for there is none other shyfte
Felycrite. ¶ Than waste must be welcome and fyre well thysie
Magnifycence ¶ Take of his substaunce a sure inuentozy
 And get thou home togyther for lyberte shall byde
 And wayte vpon me
Lyberte. ¶ And yet for a memozy
 Make indentures howe ye and I shal gyde
Fansy. ¶ I can do nothyng but he stonde belyde
Lyberte. ¶ Syr we can do nothyng the one without the other
Magnifycence ¶ Well get you hens than and sende me some other
Fansy. ¶ Whom lusty pleasure or mery consayte
Magnifycence ¶ Nay fyrst lusty pleasure is my desyre to haue
 And let the other another awayte
 Howe be it that sonde selowe is a mery knaue
 But loke that ye occuppe the auctozyte that I you gaue
 ¶ Here goeth out felycrite / lyberte / and fansy.
 C.i.

Magnyfyce[n]ce alone in the place.
For nowe syz I am lyke as a pry[n]ce shold be
Ihaue welth at wyll largesse and lyberte
Fortune to her lawys can not abandune me
But I shall of fortune rule the repne
I ferz nothynge fortunes perplexite
All honour to me must nedys stowpe and lene
I synge of two partys without a mene
I haue wynde and wether ouer all to sayle
No stozmy rage agaynst me can peruayle
Alexander of Macedony kynge
That all the orp[en]t had in subieccyon
Though al his conquestys were brought to rekenynge
Myght seme ryght wel vnder my proteccyon
To rayne for all his marcpall affeccyon
For I am pry[n]ce perlesse prouyd of porte
Bathyd with blyss embracyd with comforte
Syrus that soleme spar of Babylon
That Israell releysyd of theyr captuptye
For al his pompe / for all his ryal trone
He may not be comparyd vnto me
I am the dyamounde dowtlese of dygnyte
Surely it is I that all may saue and spyll
No man so hardy to worke agaynst my wyll
Dorcena the proude prouoste of tucky lande
That ratyd the romaynes and made them yll rest
Nor Cesar Iuly that no man myght withstande
Were neuer halfe so ryche as I am dyest
No that I assure you loke who was the best
I repne in my robys I rule as me lyst
I dyue downe thle dastardys with a dynt of my lyst
Of Cato the counte accountyd the cane
Darpus the doughty chestayn of perle
I set not by the proudest of them a prane
He by non other that any man can reherse
I folowe in felycye without reuesse
I drede no daunger I dawnce all in delyte
My name is magnyfyce[n]ce man most of myght
Hercules the herdy with his stobburne clobbyd mase
That made Cerberus to cache the cur dogge of hell
And Thesius the proude was Pluto to face
It wolde not become them with me for to mell
For of all baronesbolde I bere the bell
Of all doughty I am doughtyest duke as I deme
Come all pry[n]ces to lowte man besene
Cherlemayne that mantenyd the nobles of Fraunce

Arthur of albyan for all his byrmyne berde
 Noz basyan the bolde for all his byrbaunce
 Noz alerycus that rulyd the gothyaunce by swerd
 Noz no man on molde can make me aferd
 What man is so maylyd with me that dare mete
 I shall flappe hym as a sole to fall at my sete
 Balba whom his galantys garde for a gaspe
 Noz nero that nother set by god noz man
 Noz baspalvan that bare in his nose a waspe
 Noz hanyball agayne rome gates that ranne
 Noz pet tyyo that noble cartage wanne
 Noz none so hardy of them with me that durste crake
 But I shall frounce the on y fozetop & gar the to quake
 Here cometh in courtly abusyon doynge re-
 uerence and courtely.

Courtly abusyo At your commaundemēt syz wythall dew reuerēce
 Magnyfyccence Welcom pleasure to our magnyfyccence
 Courtly abusio Plesyth it your grace to shewe what I do shall
 Magnyfyccence Let vs here of your pleasure to passe the tyme withall
 Courtly abusio Syz then with y fauour of your benynge sufferauce
 To shewe you my mynde my selfe I wyll auauance
 If it lyke your grace to take it in degre
 Magnyfyccence Yes syz so good man in you I se
 And in your delynge so good assuraunce
 That we delyte gretly in your dalyaunce.
 Courtly abusio A syz your grace me dothe extole and rayse
 And ferre beyond my merytyes ye me comende & prayse
 Howe be it I wolde be ryght gladde I you assure
 Any thyng to do that myght be to your pleasure
 Magnyfyccence As I be saued with pleasure I am supprysyd
 Of your langage it is so well deuyled
 Pullyshyd and freshe is your ornacy
 Courtly abusio A I wolde to god that I were halfe so crasty
 Or in electe vtteraunce halfe so eloquent
 As that I myght your noble grace content
 Magnyfyccence Truste me with you I am hyghly pleasyd
 For in my fauour I haue you iessyd and seasyd
 He is not lyuyng your maners can amend
 Wary your speche is as pleasāt as though it were pend
 To here your comon it is my hygh comferte
 Woynt deuyle all pleasure is your porte
 Courtly abusio Syz I am the better of your noble repozte
 But of your pacience vnder the suppozte
 If it wolde lyke you to here my poze mynde
 Magnyfyccence Speke I beseeche the leuz nothyng behynde
 Courtly abusio So as ye be a pryncce of great myght

It is semynge your pleasure ye delyte
And to aqweynte you with carnall delectacyon
And to fall in a quayntaunce with euery newe sacyon
And quykely your appetytes to sharpe and adzesse
To fasten your fanly vpon a sayze maystresse
That quykely is enuyred with rudyes of the rose
Inpurtured with fetures after your purpose
The streynes of her baynes as a sure Ande blewe:
Enbudded with beaute and colour freshe of hewe
As lily whyte to loke vpon her heyre
Her eyen relucen as carbuncle so clere.
Her mouthe enbawmed dylectable and mery
Her lusty lyppes ruddy as the chery.
Howe lyke you / ye lacke sye suche a lusty lasse

Wagnysfyrce **I**f that were a baby to brace and to bask
I wolde I had by hym that hell dyd harowe
with me in keppynge suche a phyllyp sparowe
I wolde haue whylest my hede dyd warke
So I myght hobby for suche a lusty larke
These wordes in myne eyre they be so lustely spokent
That on suche a female my fleshe wolde be wrokent
They toweche me so thowowly and tykyl my consayte;
That werped I wolde be on suche a bayte
A cockes armes where myght suche one be founde

Courtly abusio **I** will ye spende ony money

Wagnysfyrce **I** ye a thousande pounde

Courtly abusio **I** Nay nay for lesse I waraunt you to be sped
And brought home and layde in your bed

Wagnysfyrce **I** wolde money trowest thou make suche one to the call

Courtly abusio **I** Honey maketh marchauntes I tell you ouer all

Wagnysfyrce **I** why wyl a maystres be wonne for money & for golde

Courtly abusio **I** why was not for money troy bothe bought and solde
Full many a stronge cyte and towne hath ben wonne.
By the meanes of money without ony gonne.

A maystres I tell you is but a small thyng

A goodly rybon or a golde ryng

May wyne with a lawte the foztresse of the holde

But one thyng I warne you pzece forth and be bolde

Wagnysfyrce **I** ye but some be full koy and passynge harde harted.

Courtly abusio **I** But blessyd be our lord they wyl be sone conuerted.

Wagnysfyrce **I** why wyl they then be intreted the most and y lest

Courtly abusio **I** ye for omnis mulier meretrix si celari potest

Wagnysfyrce **I** A I haue spyed ye can moche broken sorowe

Courtly abusio **I** I conde holde you w suche talke hens tyll to morowe

But yfit lyke your grace more at large

He to permyt my mynde to dyscharge

Magnifycence I wolde yet shewe you further of my consayte
Courtly abusyō Let se what ye say shewe it strapte
 Wylfully let these wordes in your mynde be wayed
 By waywarde wylfulnes letteche thyng be conuayed
 What so euer ye do folowe your owne wyl
 Be it reason or none it shall not gretely skyll
 Be it ryght or wronge by the aduylse of me
 Take your pleasure and vse free lyberte
 And yf you se ony thyng agaynst your mynde
 Then some accarpon or quarell ye must fynde
 And strowne it and face it as thoughe ye wolde syght.
 Flete your selfe for anger and for dyspyte
 Here no man what so euer they say
 But do as ye lyst and take your owne way
Magnifycence Thy wordes and my mynde odly well accorde.
Courtly abusyō What holde ye do elles are not you a lord
 Let your lust and lykynge stande for a lawe.
 Be wastynge and wythynge and away drawe.
 And ye se a man that with hym ye be not pleased
 And that your mynde can not well be eased
 As yf a man fortune to touche you on the quyre
 Then seyne your selfe dyspleased and make your selfe seke
 To styre by your stomake you must you forge
 Call for a candell and cast by your gorge,
 With cockes armes rest shall I none haue
 Tyll I be reuenged on that horsen knaue.
 A howe my stomake wambleth I am all in a swete
 As there no horsen that knaue that wyl bete.
Magnifycence By cockes woundes a wonder felowe thou arte
 For ofte tymes suche a wamblynge goth ouer my harte
 Yet I am not harte seke but that me lyst.
 For myrth I haue hym corryed beten and blyst.
 Hym that I loued not and made hym to loute
 I am forthwith as hole as a troute
 For suche abusyon I vse now and than
Courtly abusyō It is none abusyon sy in a noble man.
 It is a princely pleasure and a lordly mynde.
 Suche lustes at large may not be lefte behynde.
 Here cometh in cloked colusyon
 with mesure.
Cloked colusyō Stande still here and ye shall se
 That for your sake I wyl fall on my kne
Courtly abusyō Sy sober sadnesse cometh wherfore it be
Magnifycence Stande by sy ye are welcom to me
Clokyd colusyō Please it your grace at the contemplacyon
 Of my poze instance and supplycacyon

Tenderly to consyder in your aduertence;
 Of our blessed lordes sye at the reuerence
 Remembre the good seruyce that mesure hath you done
 And that ye wyll not cast hym away so sone
Magnyfyce My frende as touchynge to this your mocyon.
 I may say to you I haue but small deuocyon
 Howe be it at your instaunce I wyll the rather
 Do as moche as for myne owne father
Cloked colusyo Nay sye that affectyon ought to be reserued.
 For of your grace I haue it nought deserued
 But yf it lyke you that I myght rowne in your epre
 To thewe you my mynde I wolde haue the lesse fere
Magnyfyce Stande a lytell abacke sye and let hym come hyder;
Courtly abusio With a good wyll sye god spede you bothe togyder.
Clokyd colusyo Sye so it is this man is here by.
 That for hym to labour he hath prayde me hartely.
 Notwithstannyng to you be it sayde
 To trust in me he is but dyslapyed.
 For so helpe me god for you he is not mete
 I speke the softlyer because he sholde not wete
Magnyfyce Come hyder pleasure you shall here myne entent.
 Mesure ye knowe wel with hym I can not be content
 And surely as I am nowe aduysed
 I wyll haue hym rehapted and dyspyled
 Howe say ye syes herein what is best.
Courtly abusio By myne aduysle with you in saythe shall not rest
Clokyd colusyo Yet sye reserued your better aduysment
 It were better he spake with you or he wente
 That he knowe not but that I haue supplid.
 All that I can his matter for to spede.
Magnyfyce Nowe by your trouthe gaue he you not a brybe
Clokyd colusyo Yes with his hande I made hym to subscrybe
 A byll of recorde for an annuall rent
Courtly abusio But for all that he is lyke to haue a gient.
Clokyd colusyo Ye by my trouthe I shall waraunt you for me
 And he go to the deyll so that I may haue my fee
 what care I
Magnyfyce By the masse well sayd
Courtly abusio What force ye so that he be payde
Clokyd colusyo But yet so I wolde or that he wente.
 Lest that he thought that his money were euill spent;
 That he wolde loke on hym though he it were not longe.
Magnyfyce Well cannest thou helpe a preeest to synge a songe
Cloked colusyo So it is all the maner nowe a dayes
 For to vse such hastynge and crafty wayes
Courtly abusio He telleth you trouthe sye as I you ensure

- Magnifycence** ¶ Well for thy sake the better I may endure
 That the come hyder and to gyue hym a lode
 That he shall lyke the woyle all this wode
- Cloked colusyo** ¶ I care not howe sone he be refused
 So that I may craftely be excused
- Courtly abusyo** ¶ Where is he
- Cloked colusyo** ¶ Mary I made hym abyde
 Whylest I came to you a lytell here besyde
- Magnifycence** ¶ Well call hym and let vs here hym reason
 And we wyl be comonyng in the mene season
- Courtly abusio** ¶ This is a wyle man lyz where so euer ye hym had
- Magnifycence** ¶ An honest perlon I tell you and a lad
- Courtly abusyo** ¶ He can full craftely this matter byng aboute
- Magnifycence** ¶ Whylest I haue hym I nede nothyng doute
 ¶ His introductat colusion mesure magnifycence
 aspectant vultuelatissimo.
- Clokyd colusyo** ¶ By the make I haue done that I can
 And more than euer I dyd for ony man
 I trowe ye herde your selfe what I sayd
- Mesure.** ¶ Nay in dede but I sawe howe ye prayed
 And made instance for me be lykelyhod
- Clokyd colusyo** ¶ Nay I tell you I am not wonte to fode
 Them that dare put theyr truste in me
 And therof ye shall a larger prose se
- Mesure.** ¶ Syr god rewarde you as ye haue deserued
 But thynke you with magnifycence I shal be reserued
- Clokyd colusyo** ¶ By my trouth I can not tell you that
 But and I were as ye I wolde not set a gnat
 By magnifycence noz yet none of his
 For go when ye shall of you shall be myse
- Mesure.** ¶ Syr as ye say
- Clokyd colusyo** ¶ Nay come on with me
 yet ones agayne I shall fall on my kne
 For your sake what so euer befall
 I let not a flye and all go to all
- Mesure.** ¶ The holy goost be with your grace
- Clokyd colusyo** ¶ Syr I besече you let pety haue some place
 In your brest towarde this gentylman
- Magnifycence** ¶ I was your good lord tyll that ye beganne
 So masterfully vpon you for to take
 with my seruauntys and suche maystryes gan make
 That holly my mynde with you is mylcon tente
 wherfore I wyl that ye be resydent
 with me no longer
- Clokyd colusyo** ¶ Say somwhat nowe let se for your selfe
- Mesure.** ¶ Syr if I myght permytted be

I wolde to you say a worde or thwayne
Magnyfyce **W**hat woldest thou lurden with me brawle agayne
Have hym hens I say out of my syght
That day I se hym I shall be worse all nyght
Here mesure goth out of the place.
Courtly abusyō **H**ens thou haryparde out of the dores fast
Magnyfyce **A** las my stomake fareth as it wolde cast
Cloked colusyō **A** byde syz auyde let me holde your hede
Magnyfyce **A** bolle or a balyne I say for goddes bryde
A my hede but is the horyson gone
God grue hym a myscheffe nay now let me alone.
Clokyd colusyō **A** good dyspse syz a praty fete
By the good lordes yet your temples bete
Magnyfyce **M**ay to god me helpe it was no grete verayon
For I am panged ofte tymes of this same facyon
Cloked colusyō **C**ockes armes howe pleasure plucked hym forth
Magnyfyce **H**e walke he must it was no better worth
Cloked colusyō **S**yz now me thynke your harte is well eased
Magnyfyce **N**owe mesure is gone I am the better pleased.
Cloked colusyō **S**o to be ruled by mesure it is a payne
Magnyfyce **M**ary I wene he wolde not be glad to come agayne.
Cloked colusyō **S**o I wote not what he sholde do here
where mennes belyes is mesured there is no chere.
For I here but fewe men that grue any prayle
Unto measure I say now a days
Magnyfyce **M**asure tut what the deuyll of hell
Scantly one with mesure that wyll dwell
Cloked colusyō **N**ot amonge noble men as the worlde gothe.
It is no wonder therfore though ye be wrothe
with mesure where as all noblenes is there I haue passe
They catche that cathe may kepe and holde fast
Out of all mesure themselves to entyce
No force what though his neryghbour dre in a dyche.
with pollynge and pluckynge out of all mesure
Thus must ye stuffe and store your treasure
Magnyfyce **E**t somtyme parde I must vse largesse
Cloked colusyō **H**e mary ic mtyne in a mess of vergesse
As in a tryfyll or in a thyng of nought
As gruyng a thyng that ye neuer bought
It is the gyle now I say ouer all.
Largesse in wordes for rewardes are but small
To make fayne pyncple what are ye the worse
Let me haue the rule of your purse
Magnyfyce **I** haue taken it to largesse and lyberte
Cloked colusyō **T**han is it done as it sholde be
But vse your largesse by the aduysse of me

And I shall waraunt you welth and lyberte.

Magnifycence Say on me thynke your reasons be profounde.
Cloked coluspo Syr of my counsaile this shall be the grounde.

To chole out. ii. iii. of luche as you loue best
 And let all your fanyses vpon them rest
 Spare for no cost to gyue them pounce and peny.
 Better to make. iii. ryche than for to make many
 Gyue them more than ynoughe and let them not lacke.
 And as for all other let them trusse and packe.
 Plucke from an hundred and gyue it to thre,
 Let neyther patent scape them nor fee
 And where soeuer you wyll fall to a rekenyng.
 Those thre wyll be redyeuen at your bekenyng
 For then shall you haue at lyberte to lowte
 Let them haue all and the other go without
 Thus ioy without mesure you shall haue.

Magnifycence Thou sayst truthe by the harte that god me gaue
 For as thou sayst ryght so shall it be.
 And here I make the vpon lyberte
 To be superflour and on largesse also
 For as thou wylte so shall the game go
 For in pleasure and surueyaunce and also in the.
 I haue set my hole se: pte

Clokyd coluspo Syr syth that in me ye haue luche deuocyon
 Commyttynge to me and to my felowes twayne
 Your welthe and lelycete I trust we shall optayne
 To do you seruyce after your appetyte.

Magnifycence In saythe & your seruyce ryght well shall I acquyte.
 And therfore hys you hens and take this ouer syght.

Clokyd coluspo Nowe Iesu preserve you syr / pryncce most of myght.
 Here goth cloked colusyon awaye and leueth
 Magnifycence alone in the place.

Magnifycence Thus I say I am enuyronned with solace
 I drede no dnytes of fatalle desteny
 Well were that lady myght stande in my grace.
 He to embrace / and loue moost speryally
 A lord so I wolde halfe her hartely
 So I wolde clepe her so I wolde kys her swete.

Here cometh in Foly.

Foly. Mary cryst graunt ye catche no colde on your sete.

Magnifycence Who is this.

Foly. Consaite syr your owne man.

Magnifycence What tydynge is to you syr / I befole thy brayne pan

Foly. By our lakyn syr I haue ben a howkyng for þe wyld
 My hawke is rāmyllye & it happed þe ran. (swan.

fleme I sholde say in to an olde barme.
 To reche at a rat I coude not her warne.
 She pynched her pynyon by god and caughted harme.
 It was a conner/ nay sole I warant her blode warme.
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I I syz thy Iarfacon and thou be hanged togyder.
 Foly. I And syz as I was comynge to you hyder
 I sawe a fox sucke on a kowes ydder
 And with a lyne rodde I toke them bothe togyder
 I trowe it be a frost for the way is llydder
 Se for god auowe for colde as I chydder
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I Thy wordes hange togyder as fethers in the wynde
 Foly. I I syz tolde I not you howe I dyd fynde
 I knaue and a carle and all of one kynde.
 I sawe a wether cocke wagge with the wynde
 Grette meruayle I had and mused in my mynde
 The houndes ranne befoze and the hare behynde
 I sawe a losell lede a lurden & they were bothe blynde.
 I sawe a sowter go to supper oz euer he had dynde.
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I By cockes harte thou arte a fyne mery knaue.
 Foly. I I make god auowe ye wyll none other men haue.
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I What sayst thou.
 Foly. I Mary I pray god your mayster shyp to saue
 I shall gyue you a gaude of a gollynge that I gaue
 The gander and the gosse bothe grafyng on one graue.
 Than rowlande the reue ran/ and I began to raue.
 And with a byystell of a boze/ his berde dyd I shau
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I I feuer I herde syke another/ god gyue me shame.
 Foly. I Sym sadylgose was my sper and dawcocke my dame
 I coude and I lyst garre you laughe at a game
 Howe a wodcocke wassled with a larke y was lame.
 The bytter sayd boldly that they were to blame
 The feldfare wolde haue fydded & it wolde not frame.
 The crane and the curlew therat gan to grame.
 The snyte snyueled in the snowte/ & smyled at y game.
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I Cockes bones herde you euer suche another
 Foly. I Se syz I besече you largesse my brother
 I Here I ansycometh in.
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I What tydynges with you syz that you loke so sad
 Fanky I When ye knowe that I knowe ye wyll not be glad.
 Foly. I What brother bzauntyke how farest thou.
 Magnyfyce[n]ce I Ye let be thy Japes and tell me howe
 The case requyeth.
 Fanky I Alasse alasse an heuy metynge
 I wolde tell you and yf I myght for wepyng.
 Foly. I What is all your myzthe nowe tourned to sorowe
 Fare well tyll sone/ adue tyll to morowe

¶ Here goth folý away.

Magnifycence ¶ I pray the largesse let be thy lobbyng
 fanly ¶ Alaske sye ye are vndone with stelyng and robbynge
 ye sent vs a superfluous for to take hede
 Take hede of your selfe for now ye haue nede

Magnifycence ¶ What hath sadnesse begyled me so
 fanly ¶ May madnesse hath begyled you & many mo
 For lyberte is gone and also felycete

Magnifycence ¶ Gone/ alaske ye haue vndone me
 fanly ¶ May he that ye sent vs clokyd colusyon
 And your payntyd pleasure courtly abusyon
 And your demenour w^{ch} cou^{ter}set cou^{te}naunce
 And your superfluous crafty conuepaunce
 Or euer we were ware brought vs in aduersyte
 And had robbyd you quyte from all felycete

Magnifycence ¶ Why is this the largesse that I haue vlyd

fanly. ¶ May it was your fondnesse that ye haue vlyd

Magnifycence ¶ And is this the credence that I gaue to the letter

fanly ¶ Why coude not your wyt serue you no better

Magnifycence ¶ Why who wolde haue thought in you suche gyle

fanly ¶ What yes by þe rode sye it was I all this whyle

¶ That you trustyd and fanly is my name
 And folý my bzoder that made you moche game

¶ Here cometh in aduersyte.

Magnifycence ¶ Alas why is ponder/ that grymly lokys

fanly. ¶ Adewe for I wyll not come in his clokys

Magnifycence ¶ Lorde so my fleshe trymblyth nowe for drede

¶ Here magnifycence is beten downe and
 spoyld from all his goodys and
 rayment. .

Aduersyte. ¶ I am aduersyte that for thymysdede
 From god am sent to quyte the thy mede
 Wyle velyarde thou must not nowe my dynt w^{ch}stande
 Thou must not abyde the dynt of my hande
 Ly there losell for all thy pompe and pryde
 Thy pleasure now with payne & trouble shalbe tryde.
 The stroke of god/ aduersyte I hyght
 I pluke downe kynge pryncce lorde and knyght
 I russe at them rugly and make them ly full lowe
 And in theyr moste truste I make them ouerthrowe
 Thys losyll was a lorde and lyuyd at his lust
 And nowe lyke a lurden he lyeth in the dust
 He knewe not hymfelfe his harte was so hye
 Nowe is there no man that wyll set by hym a flye
 He was wonte to boste brage and to brage

Nowe dare he not for shame loke one in the face
All worldly welth for hym to ytell was
Nowe hath he ryght nought/naked as an asse
Sometyme without measure/he trusted in golde
And now without mesure/he shal haue hunger & colde,
Lo syrs/thus I handell them all.
That folowe theyr fanyses/in foly to fall
Man or woman of what estate they be
I counsaile them beware of aduersyte
Of sorowfull seruauntes I haue many scores
I bylyte them sometyme with blaynes and with scyres
with botches and carbuckyls in care I them knyght
with the gowte I make them to grone where they lye.
Some I make lypers and lazars full hoyle.
And from that they loue best some I deuoyse.
Some with the marmoll to halte I them make,
And some to cry out of the bone ake
And some I bylyte with byrennyng of fyre
Of some I wyng of the necke lyke a wyre
And some I make in a rope to totter and walter.
And some for to hange themselfe in an halter
And some I bylyte to batayle warre and murther
And make eche man to sle other.
To drowne or to sle themselfe with a knyfe
And all is for theyr vnglacious lyfe
yet sometyme I stryke where is none offence.
Bycause I wolde proue men of theyr pacience
But nowe a dayes to stryke I haue grete cause
Lydderyns so ytell set by goddes lawes
Faders and moders that be neglygent
And suffre theyr chyldren to haue theyr entent
To gyde them vertuously that wyll not remembre
Them or theyr chyldren ofte tymes I dysmembere
Theyr chyldren bycause that they haue no mekenesse
I bylyte theyr faders and moders with sekeneesse.
And yf I se therby they wyll not amende
Then myschese sodaynly I them sende
For there is nothyng that more dyspleaseth god
Than from theyr chyldren to spare the rod
Of correccyon/ but let them haue theyr wyll.
Some I make lame/and some I do kyll
And syne I stryke with a fransy
Of some of theyr chyldren I stryke out the eye.
And where the fader by wysdom worschipp hath wonne
I sende ofte tymes a sole to his sonne.
Wherfore of aduersyte loke ye be ware.

To. xliii

For when I come comyth sorow and care.
For I stryke lordys of realmes and landys
That rule not by mesure that they haue in theyr handys
That sadly rule not theyr howsholde men
I am goddys preposytour I prynt them with a pen
Because of theyr neglygence & of theyr wanton bagys
I byspte them and stryke them with many soze plagys
To take theyr example of that I you tell
And beware of aduersyte by my counsell
Take hede of this captyfe that lyeth here on grounde
Beholde howe fortune of hym hath founde
For though we shewe you this in game and play
yet it proueth eynest ye may se euery day
For nowe wyll I from this captyfe go
And take myschance and vengeaunce of other mē
That hath deseruyd it as well as he
Howe/where art thou come hether pouerte
Take this captyfe to thy loze

Pouerte.

Here cometh in pouerte.

Alas my bonys ake my lymmys be soze
Alas I haue the captyfe full euyl in my hyppes
Alas where is youth that was wont for to skyppe
I am lowly and vnlyfynge and full of scurfes
My colour is tawny colouryd as a turske
I am pouerte that all men doth hate
I am baytyd with doggys at euery mannyng gate
I am raggyd and rent as ye may se
Full of sores but they haue enuy at me
Nowe must I this carcasse lyft vp
He dnyd with delyte with pouerte he must sup
Ryse vp sye and welcom vnto me

Hic accedat ad leuandum magnificence et
locabit eum super locum stratum.

Magnificence Alas where is nowe my golde and fe

Alas I say where to am I brought

Alas alas alas I dye for thought

Pouerte.

Sye all this wolde haue bene thought on before

He woteth not what welth is that neuer was soze

Magnificence As yf that euer I holde be brought in this snare

I wenyd ones neuer to haue knowen of care

Pouerte.

Lo suche is this worlde I fynde it wyrt

In welth to beware and that is wyrt

Magnificence In welth to beware yf I had had grace

Neuer had I bene brought in this case

Pouerte.

Nowe syth it wyll no nother be

To. llii

All that god sendeth take it in gre
For thoughc you were somtyme a noble estate
Nowe must you lerne to begge at enery mannes gate.

Magnyfycence **A** lasse that euer I sholde be so shamed
A lasse that euer I Magnyfycence was named
A lasse that euer I was so harde happed
In mylery and wretchydnesse thus to be lapped
A lasse that I coude not myselte no better gyde
A lasse in my cradell that I had not dyde.

Pouerte. **C**ome syz ye/ leue all this rage
And pray to god your sorowes to asswage
It is foly to grudge agaynst his bysytacyon.
with harte contryte make your supplicacyon.
Unto your maker that made bothe you and me
And whan it pleaseh god better may be

Magnyfycence **A** lasse I wote not what I wolde pray.

Pouerte. **R**emembze you better syz beware what ye say
For drede ye dysplease the hygh deyte
Put your wyll to his wyll for surely it is he
That may restore you agayne to felcpte
And bypnye you agayne out of aduersyte.
Therfore pouerte loke paciently ye take.
And remembze he suffered moche moze for your sake.
Howe be it of all synne he was innocent
And ye haue deserued this punysment

Magnyfycence **A** lasse with colde my lymmes shall be marde

Pouerte. **C**ome syz nowe must ye lerne to lye harde.
That was wonte to lye on fetherbeddes of downe
Nowe must your sete lye hyer than your crowne.
where you were wonte to haue cawdels for your hede
Nowe must you monche mannocks & lumps of byede.
And where you had chaunges of ryche aray.
Nowe lay you in a couerlet full fayne that you may.
And where y ye were pomped w what that ye wolde
Nowe must ye suffre bothe hunger and colde.
with courtely sylkes ye were wonte to be drawe
Nowe must ye lerne to lye on the strawe
your skynne that was wapped in shertes of raynes
Nowe must ye be stormy beten w showres & raynes.
your hede y was wonte to be happed moost drowpy &
Nowe shal ye be scabbed scurvy & lowly. drowly.

Magnyfycence **I**f ye on this worlde full of trechery.

Pouerte. **T**hat euer noblenesse sholde lye thus wretchydly.
Syz remembze the tourne of fortunes whele
That wantonly can wyne and wyneche with her kele
Nowe she wyll laughe/ forthwith she wyll frowne

Sodenly let by and sodenly pluckyd downe
 She dawnslyth varyaunce with mutabylte
 Nowe all in welth forthwith in pouerte
 In her promyse there is no lykenesse
 All her delyste is set in doublenesse

Magnyfyce
 pouerte.

Alas of fortune I may well complayne
 The fyr pesterday wyll not be callyd agayne
 But yet fyr nowe in this cale
 Take it mekely and thanke god of his grace
 For nowe go I wyll begge for you some mete
 It is folp agaynst god for to plete
 I wyll walke nowe with my beggers baggys
 And happe you the whyles with these homly raggys

Disfido dicat ista verba
 A howe my lymmys be lyther and lame
 Better it is to begge than to be hangyd with shame
 Yet many had leuer hangyd to be
 Then for to begge theyr mete for charyte
 They thynke it no shame to robbe and stele
 Yet were they better to begge a great dele
 For by robbynge they rynne to in manus tuas quecke
 But beggynge is better medecyne for the necke
 Ye mary is it ye so mote I god
 A lozde god howe þ gowte wyryngeth me by the too

Here magnyfyce doloiously
 maketh his mone.

Magnyfyce

O feble fortune/o doulfull destyny
 O hatefull happe/o carefull cruelte
 O syghynge sorowe/o thoughtfull mysere
 O rydlesse rewothe/o paynfull pouerte
 O doloious herte/o harde aduersyte
 O dypous dystresse/o dedly payne and woo
 For worldly shame / I was bothe wanne and bloo
 where is nowe my welth/ and my noble estate
 where is nowe my treasure my landes and my rent
 where is nowe all my seruauntys þ I had here a late
 where is nowe my golde vpon them that I spent
 where is nowe all my ryche abyement
 where is nowe my kynne my frendys & my noble blood
 where is nowe all my pleasure and my worldly good
 Alasse my folp/ alasse my wanton wyll
 I may no more speke/ tyll I haue wept my fyl
 I with ye mary syrs thus sholde it be
 I kyst her swete/ and she kysyd me
 I daunled the darlynge on my kne
 I garde her gaspe/ I garde her gle

Lyberte.

with daunce on the le the le
 I balled that baby with harte so free
 She is the bote of all my bale
 Al so that lyghe was farre fet
 To loue that louesome I wyll not let
 My harte is holly on her set
 I plucked her by the patlet
 At my deuyse I with her met
 My fanly sayly on her I let
 So merely syngeth the nyghtyngale.
 In lust and lykynge my name is lyberte
 I am despyred with hyghest and lowest degre
 I lyne as nie lyst I lepe out at large
 Of erthely thyng I haue no care nor charge
 I am prynces of prynces I prycke them with pryde.
 what is he lyuyng that lyberte wolde lacke.
 A thousande pounde with lyberte may holde no tacker.
 At lyberte a man may be bolde for to bzaie
 welthe without lyberte gothe all to wzaie.
 But yet syz hardely one thyng lerne of me
 I warne you beware of to moche lyberte
 For totum in toto is not worth an haire
 To hardy or to moche to free of the daire
 To sober to sad to subtell to wyse.
 To mery to mad to gyglyng to nyse
 To full of fanyses to lordly to proude
 To homly to holy to lewde and to lowde
 To flatterynge to sinatterynge to to out of harre
 To clatterynge to chatterynge to shorte and to farre
 To Jettynge to Jaggynge and to full of Japes.
 To mockynge to niowynge to lyke a Jackenapes.
 Thus totum in toto groweth by as ye may se
 By meanes of madnesse and to moche lyberte
 For I am a vertue yf I be well bled
 And I am a vyce where I am abused.

Wagnysfycence I woo worthe the lyberte now thou sayst full trewe

Lyberte. That I bled the to moche soze may I rewe

Lyberte. What a very vengeaunce I say who is that
 what brothell I say is ponder bounde in a mat

Wagnysfycence I am Wagnysfycence that somtyme thy mayster was

Lyberte. What is the worlde thus come to passe.

Cockes armes syz wyll ye not se

Howe he is vndone by the meanes of me

For yf measure had ruled lyberte as he began

This lurden that here lyeth had ben a noble man.

But he abused sohis free lyberte

That now he hath losse all his felcype
 Not thowwe largesse of lyberall expence
 But by the way of fawse insolence
 For lyberallte is most conuenient
 A pynce to vse with all his hole intent
 Largely rewardynge them that haue deseruyd
 And so shall a noble man nobly be seruyd
 But now adayes as hucksters they hucke & they stycke
 And pynche at the payment of a podynge prycke
 A laudable largesse I tell you for a lord
 To prate for the patchynge of a pot sharde
 Spare for þe spence of a noble þe his honour myght saue
 And spende. C. s. for the pleasure of a knaue
 But so longe they rekyn with they reasons amyske
 That they lose they lyberte and all that there is
 Alaske that euer I occupped suche abusyon
 Be for nowe it hath brought the to confusyon
 For where I am occupped and vlyd wylfully
 It can not contynew longe prosperously
 As euidently in retchlesse youth ye may se
 Howe many come to mylch se for to moche lyberte
 And some in the worlde they Brayne is so vpyll
 That they set they chyl dren to ryne on the bydyl
 In youth to be wanton and let them haue they wyl
 & they neuer thyrue in they age it shall not gretly sayll
 Some fall to folp them selfe for to spyll
 And some fall pzechynge at the toure hyll
 Some hath so moche lyberte of one thyng & other
 That nother they set by father and mother
 Some haue so moche lyberte that they fere no synne
 Tyll as ye se many tymes they wame all they kynne
 I am so lusty to loke on so freshe and so fre
 That nonnes wyl leue they holynes and ryne after me
 Freers with folp I make them so fayne
 They cast vp they obedyence to cache me agayne
 At lyberte to wander and walke ouer all
 That lustely they lepe somtyme they cloyster wall

Magnyfyce
 Lyberte.

Hic aliquis buccat in cornu a retro post populū.
 Wondet is a hoysen for me doth rechate
 A dewe syrs for I thynke leyst that I come to late
 A good lord howe longe shall I endure
 This mysery / this carefull wzechydneske
 Of worldly welthe alaske who can be sure
 In fortunys frendshyppe there is no stedfastneske
 She hath dyslaynd me with her doubleneske

Magnyfyce

For to be wyle all men may lerne of me.
In welthe to beware of herde aduersyte

Here cometh in Crafty conueyaunce Cloked colufyō
with a lusty laughter.

Crafty conuey. Ha ha ha for laughter I am lyke to brast
Clokyd colufyō Ha ha ha for spozte I am lyke to spewe and cast
Crafty conuey. What hast thou gotted in faythe to thy share
Clokyd colufyō In faythe of his cofers the bottoms are bare
Crafty conuey. As for his plate of syluer and such trasshe
I waraunt you I haue gyuen it a lasshe
Clokyd colufyō What then he may drynke out of a stone cruyse.
Crafty conuey. With ye syr by Jesu that slayne was with Jewes
He may rynde a pycher for his plate is to wed
Clokyd colufyō In faythe and he may dreme
On a dagge swane for ony fether bed.
Crafty conuey. By my trouthe we haue ryfled hym metely well.
Clokyd colufyō He but thanke me therof enery dele
Crafty conuey. Thanke the therof in the deuyls date
Clokyd colufyō Leue thy pratyngge or els I wall lay the on the pate.
Crafty conuey. Nay to wrangle I warant the it is but a stone caste
Clokyd colufyō By the messe I shall cleue thy heed to the waste
Crafty conuey. He wylte thou clenly cleue me in the clyfte w thy nose
Clokyd colufyō I shall thrust in the my dagger
Crafty conuey. Thowowe the legge in to the hole
Clokyd colufyō Nay hoz son here is my gloue take it bp & thou dare.
Crafty conuey. Forde thou arte good to be a man of warre.
Clokyd colufyō I shall skelpe the on the skalpe lo seest thou that.
Crafty conuey. What wylte thou skelpe me & dare not loke on a gnat
Clokyd colufyō By cockes bones I shall blysk the & thou be to bolde.
Crafty conuey. Nay then & wylte dyngge & deuyl & thou be not holde
Clokyd colufyō But wottest thou hoz son I rede the to be wyle
Crafty conuey. Nowe I rede the beware I haue warned the thwylf
Clokyd colufyō Why wenest thou & I for here the for thyne owne sake
Crafty conuey. Deas or I shall wyngge thy be in a brake
Clokyd colufyō Holde thy hāde dawne of thy dagger & stynt of thy dyn
Or I shal sawchyn thy fleshe & scrape the on the skyn
Crafty conuey. He wylte thou hagman I say thou cauell
Clokyd colufyō Nay thou rude rauener rayne beten I auell
Crafty conuey. What thou colyn cowarde knowen and tryde
Clokyd colufyō Nay thou false harten dastarde thou dare not abyde.
Crafty conuey. And yf there were none to dysplease but thou and I
Thou sholde not scape hoz son but thou sholde dye.
Clokyd colufyō Nay the shall wyngge the hoz son on the wyrst.
Crafty conuey. Wary I desye thy belt and thy wyrst

what a very vengeance nede all these wordys
 Go together by the heddis and gyue me your wordys
Clokyd coluspo. So he is the worst brawler that ever was borne
Crafty conuey. In sayth so to suffer the it is but a skorne
Coüterfet cou. Now let vs be all one and let vs lyue in rest
 For we be lyys but a few of the best
Clokyd coluspo. By the masse man thou shall fynde me resonable
Crafty conuey. In saythe and I wyll be to reason agreable
Coüterfet cou. Then truste I to god and the holy rode.
 Here shalbe not great sheddyng of blode
Clokyd coluspo. By our lakyn lyz not by my wyll.
Crafty conuey. By the sayth that I owe to god and I wyll fyrstyll
Coüterfet cou. Well sayd / but in sayth what was your quarell
Clokyd coluspo. Mary lyz this gentylman called me Iauell
Crafty conuey. Nay by saynt Mary it was ye called me knaue
Clokyd coluspo. Mary to vngoodly langage you me gaue
Coüterfet cou. A shall we haue more of this maters yet
 We thynke ye are not gretly acomberyd with wyte
Crafty conuey. Goddys sote I warant you I am a gentylman borne
 And thus to be sayd I thynke it great skorne
Coüterfet cou. I can not well tell of your dyspolycyons
 And ye be a gentylman ye haue knauys condycyons
Clokyd coluspo. By god I tell you I wyll not be out sayd
Crafty conuey. By the masse I warant the I wyll not be bacyd
Coüterfet cou. Tushe tushe it is a great defeaute.
 The one of you is to proude / the other is to haute
 Tell me bressly where vpon ye began
Clokyd coluspo. Mary lyz he sayd that he was the pratyest man
 Then I was in oppnyng of lockys
 And I tell you I dyldayne moche of his mockys
Crafty conuey. Thou sawe neuer yet but I dyd my parte
 The Locke of a caskyt to make to starte
Coüterfet cou. Nay I know well Inough ye are bothe well hādedyd
 To grope a gardeupaunce though it be well bandyd
Clokyd coluspo. I am the better yet in a bowget
Crafty conuey. And I the better in a male
Coüterfet cou. Tushe these maters yf ye more are but soppyes in ale
 Your trymyng and tramynge by me must be tangyd
 For had I not bene ye bothe had bene hangyd
 When we w magnyfyence goodys made cheyfaunce
Magnyfyence. And therfore our lord sende you a very wengaunce
Coüterfet cou. What begger art thou yf thus doth banne and warp
Magnyfyence. Ye be the theuys I say / away my goodys dyd carpy
Clokyd coluspo. Cockys bonys thou begger what is thy name
Magnyfyence. Magnyfyence I was who ye haue brought to shame

Coüterfet coü. ¶ Ye but trowe you syz that this is he
Crafty conuey. ¶ So we nere and let vs se
Clokyd colufyō ¶ By cockys bonys it is the same
Magnyfyceñce ¶ Alasse alasse syz ye are to blame
 I was your mayster though ye thynke it skoz ne
 And nowe on me ye gaure and spoze ne
Coüterfet coü. ¶ Ly still ly still nowe with yll hayle
Crafty conuey. ¶ Ye for thy langage can not the auayle
Clokyd colufyō ¶ Abyde syz abyde I shall make hym to pyse
Magnyfyceñce ¶ Nowe gyue me somwhat for god sake I craue
Crafty conuey. ¶ In saythe I gyue the four quarters of a knaue
Coüterfet coü. ¶ In saythe and I bequethe hym the tothe ake
Clokyd colufyō ¶ And I bequethe hym the bone ake
Crafty conuey. ¶ And I bequethe hym the gowte and the gyn
Clokyd colufyō ¶ And I bequethe hym sorowe for his syn
Coüterfet coü. ¶ And I gyue hym crystys curse / w neuer a peny in his
Crafty conuey. ¶ And I gyue hym y cowghe y murre a y pole. (purse)
Clokyd colufyō ¶ Ye for requiem eternam groweth forth of his nose
 But nowe let vs make mery and good chere
Coüterfet coü. ¶ And to the tauerne let vs drawe nere
Crafty conuey. ¶ And from thens to the halfe strete
 To get vs there some freshe metc
Clokyd colufyō ¶ Why is there any store of rawe motton
Coüterfet coü. ¶ Le in saythe oz ellys thou arte to great a glotton
Crafty conuey. ¶ But they say it is a queysly mete
 It wyll stryke a man mylcheuouly in a hete
Clokyd colufyō ¶ In say man some rybbys of the motton be so ranke
 That they wyll syze one vngreatyously in the flanke
Coüterfet coü. ¶ Ye and when ye come out of the shoppe
 ye shall be clappyd with a coloppe
 That wyll make you to halt and to hoppe
Crafty conuey. ¶ Som be wrestyd there y they thynke on it frotty dayes
 For there be hoys there at all assayes
Clokyd colufyō ¶ For the passyon of god let vs go thither
 ¶ Et cum festinacione discedant a loco.
Magnyfyceñce ¶ Alas myn owne seruañtys to shew me such reproche
 Thus to rebuke me and haue me in dyspyght
 So shamyfully to me theyz mayster to apwoche
 That somtyme was a noble pryñce of myght;
 Alasse to lyue longer I haue no delyght
 For to lyue in mysery it is herder than dethe
 I am wery of the world: / for vnkynndnesse me sleeth

Dyspare.

¶ Hic intrat dyspare.

¶ Dyspare is my name that aduersyte dothe selowe

In tyme of dystresse I am redy at hande
I make heuy hertys with eyen full holowe
Of facient charyte I quenche out the brynde
Faythe and good hope I make asyde to stonde
In goddys mercy I tell them is but foly to truste
All grace and pyte I lay in the duste
What lyest thou there lyncrynge lewdly and lothsome
It is to late now thy synnys to repent
Thou hast bene so waywarde so wraglyng & so wrothsome
And so fer thou arte behynde of thy rent
And so vnglaciously thy dayes thou hast spent
That thou arte not worthy to loke god in the face

Magnyfyce[n]ce ¶ Nay nay man I loke neuer to haue parte of his grace
For I haue so vnglaciously my lyfe mysusyd
Though I aske mercy I must nedys be refusyd

Dyspare. ¶ No no for thy synnys be so excedynge farce
So innumerable and so full of dyspyte
And agayne thy maker thou hast made suche warre
That thou canst not haue neuer mercy in his syght

Magnyfyce[n]ce ¶ Alasse my wpykynesse that may I wyte
But now I se well there is no better rede
But sygh and sorowe and wylle my selfe dede

Dyspare. ¶ Ye ryd thy selfe rather than this lyfe for to lede
The worlde warpyth wery of the / thou lyest to longe

Myschefe. ¶ Hic intrat myschefe.
And I myschefe am comyn at nede

Out of thy lyfe the for to lede
And loke that it be not longe
Or that thy selfe thou go honge
With this halter good and stronge
Or ellys with this knyfe cut out a tonge
Of thy throte bole and ryd the out of payne
Thou arte not the fyrst hymselfe hath sayne
Lo here is thy knyfe and a halter and or we go ferther
Spare not thy selfe but boldly the murder

Dyspare. ¶ Ye haue done at ones without delay

Magnyfyce[n]ce ¶ Shall I my selfe hange with an halter nay
Nay rather wyl I chole to ryd me of this lyue
In styckynge my selfe with this sayre knyfe

¶ Here magnyfyce[n]ce wolde see
hymselfe with a knyfe.

Magnyfyce[n]ce ¶ Alarum alarum to longe we abyde

Dyspayre. ¶ Out harowre hyll burneth wythe shall I me hyde.

¶ Hic intrat Goodhope fugientib⁹ dyspayre & myschefe
repente good hope surripiat illi gladio & dicat.

¶ Good hope.

¶ Alas dere sone soze combred is thy mynde
Thy selfe that thou wolde sloo agaynst nature & kynde.

Magnyfyceunce ¶ A blessyd maye be sye/ what shall I you call
Good hope. ¶ Good hope sye my name is remedy p^ryncypall

A gaynst all fautes of your goostly soo
who knoweth me/ hym selfe may neuer sloo

Magnyfyceunce ¶ Alas sye so I am lapped in aduersyte
That dyspayre well nyghe had myscheued me
For had ye not the sone ben my refuge

Of dampnacyon I had ben drawen in the luge.

Good hope ¶ Undoubted ye had lost your selfe eternally
There is no man may synne moze mortally.
Than of wanhope thughe the unhappy wayes
By myschefe to breuyate and shorten his dayes
But my good sounne lerne from dyspayre to flee.
Wynde you from wanhope and aquaynte you with me.
A grette mysadventure thy maker to dysplease
Thy selfe myscheuyng to thyne endlesse dysleaste
There was neuer so harde a stozme of mysery.
But thughe good hope there may come remedy

Magnyfyceunce ¶ Your wordes be moze sweter thaⁿ any p^recious narde
They molefy so easely my harte that was so harde.
There is no bawme ne gumme of arabe

More delectable than your langage to me

Good hope. ¶ Sye your felycyty is the grace of god
That you hath punysshed with his sharpe rod.
Good hope your potercary assygned am I
That goddes grace hath vexed you sharply
And payned you with a purgacyon of odious pouerte
Myred with bytter alowes of herde aduersyte
Howe must I make you a lectuary softe.
I to mynyster it/ you to receyue it ofte.
With rubarbe of repentaunce in you soz to rest.
With dramines of deuocyon your dyet must be drest
With gommies goostly of glad herte and mynde.
To thanke god of his sonde and comferte ye shal fynde.
But fro you p^resumpeyon and admyt humylyte
And hartely thanke god of your aduersyte
And loue that lord that for your loue was dede.
wounded from the fote to the crowne of the hede

To. xxviii.

For who loueth god can ayle nothyng but good
He may helpe you he may mend your mode
Prosperite to hym is gyuen solacys to man
A duety to hym therewith now and than
Helth of body his bespyrre to acheue
Dyscase and sekenesse his conspyrre to dyscreue
Afflyccyon & trouble to proue his pacyence
Contradyccyon to proue his sapience
Grace of assystence his measure to declare
Sometyme to fall another tyme to beware
And nowe ye haue had sye a wonderous fall
To lerne you hereafter for to beware withall
Nowe say you sye can ye these wordys grope.

Magnifycencce ¶ Ye sye nowe am I armyd with good hope

And soze I repent me of my wylfulnesse

I aske god mercy of my neglygence

Under good hope endurynge euer still

We humbly comyttynge vnto goddys wyl

Good hope.

¶ Then shall you be sone delyuered from dystresse

For nowe I se comynge to youwarde redresse

¶ Sic intrat Redresse.

Redresse.

¶ Crist be amonge you and the holy goste

Good hope.

¶ He be your conducte the lord of myghtys moste

Redresse.

¶ Sye is your pacyent any thyng amendyd

Good hope.

¶ Ye sye he is soze for that he hath offendyd

Redresse.

¶ How fele you your selfe my frend how is your mynde

Magnifycencce

¶ A wretched man sye to my maker brynke

Redresse.

¶ Ye but haue ye repentyd you with harte contryte

Magnifycencce

¶ Sye prepenaunce I haue no man can wyte

Redresse.

¶ And haue ye banyshe from you all dyspare

Magnifycencce

¶ Ye holly to good hope I haue made my repare

Good hope.

¶ Questyonlesse he doth me assure

In good hope alway for to indure

Redresse.

¶ Than stande vp sye in goddys name

And I truste to ratyfy and amende your fame.

Good hope I pray you with hartypassyon

To sende ouer to me sad cyscumspesson

Good hope.

¶ Sye your requeste shall not be delayed. ¶ Exiat.

Redresse.

¶ Now surely magnifycencce I am ryght well apayed

Of that I se you nowe in the state of grace

Nowe shall ye be renewyd with solace

Take nowe vpon you this abylyment

And to that I say gyue good aduysment

¶ Magnifycencce accipiat indumentum.

Magnifycencce ¶ To your requeste I shall be conformentable

Redreske ¶ If yf I save with mynde fyne and stable:
 Dete myne to amende all your wanton excheke
 And be ruled by me whiche am called redreske
 Redreske my name is that ytell am I vied.
 As the worlde requyeth but rather I am refused.
 Redreske sholde be at the rekenynge in euery accompte
 And speccially to redreske that were out of ioynte.
 Full many thynges there be that lacketh redreske
 The whiche were to longe nowe to expresse
 But redreske is redlesse and may do no correccyon
 Nowe welcome for soth sad cyrcumspeccyon.

¶ Here cometh in sad cyrcumspeccyon sayenge.

¶ Sad cyrcumspeccyon.

Redreske. ¶ Syr after your message I hyed me hyder streyght:
 For to vnderstande your plealure and also your mynde
Cyrcumspeccyon ¶ Syr to accompte you the contynewe of my consayte.
Magnyfyceunce ¶ As from aduersyte Magnyfyceunce to vnbynde
 ¶ How fortunede you magnyfyceunce so far to fal behynde
Redreske. ¶ Syr the longe absence of you sad cyrcumspeccyon
 ¶ Caused me of aduersyte to fall in lubieccyon.
 ¶ All that he sayth of trouthe doth procede
 For where sad cyrcumspeccyon is longe out of the way
 Of aduersyte it is to stande in drede.
Cyrcumspeccyon ¶ Withouth sayle syr that is no nay.
 ¶ Cyrcumspeccyon inhateith all rennyng a stray
 But syr by me to rule fyrst ye began
Magnyfyceunce ¶ Whylfulnesk syr excuse I ne can
Cyrcumspeccyon ¶ Then ye repent you of folp in tymes past
Magnyfyceunce ¶ Sothely to repent me I haue grete cause
 ¶ Howe be it from you I receyued a letter
 whiche conteyned in it a specciall clause.
 ¶ That I sholde vse largeske
Cyrcumspeccyon ¶ Nay syr there a paule
Redreske. ¶ Yet let vs le this matter thorowly ingroled
Magnyfyceunce ¶ Syr this letter ye sent to me at pouces was enclosed
Cyrcumspeccyon ¶ Who brought you that letter wote ye what he hyght.
Magnyfyceunce ¶ Largeske syr by his credence was his name
Cyrcumspeccyon ¶ This letter ye speke of neuer dyd I wyte
Redreske. ¶ To gyue so hasty credence ye were moche to blame
Magnyfyceunce ¶ Trueth it is syr for after he wrought me moch shame
 And caused me also to vle to moche lyberte
 And made allo mesure to be put fro me.
Redreske ¶ Then welthe with you myght in no wyse abyde
Cyrcumspeccyon ¶ I ha fanly and folp met with you I trowe
Redreske ¶ It wolde be f. unde so yf it were well tryde

Magnyfyceñce ¶ Surely my welthe with them was ouer thron
 Cꝝcumſpeccyō ¶ Remembre you therfore howe late ye were low
 Redreſſe. ¶ We and beware of vnhappy abuſyon
 Cꝝcumſpeccyō ¶ And kepe you from coūterfaytynge of clokyd coluſyō
 Magnyfyceñce ¶ Syꝝ in good hope I am to amende
 Redreſſe. ¶ We not then your coūtenaunce for to coūterfet
 Cꝝcumſpeccyō ¶ And from crafters and haſters I you forſende

¶ Hic intrat perſeuerance.

Magnyfyceñce ¶ Well ſyꝝ after your counſell my mynde I wyll ſet
 Redreſſe. ¶ What bzother perſeuerance ſurely well met
 Cꝝcumſpeccyō ¶ We com hether as well as can bethought
 Perſeuerance ¶ I herde ſay ꝑ aduerſyte w magnyfyceñce had fought
 Magnyfyceñce ¶ We ſyꝝ with aduerſyte I haue bene verryd
 But good hope and redreſſe hath mendyd myne eſtate
 And ſad cꝝcumſpeccyon to me they haue ameryd

Redreſſe. ¶ What this man hath ſayd / perceyue ye his ſentence

Magnyfyceñce ¶ We ſyꝝ from hym my corage ſhall neuer flyt

Cꝝcumſpeccyō ¶ Accordynge to treuth they be well deuyſyd

Magnyfyceñce ¶ Syꝝ I am agreed to abyde your ordenaunce
 Faythfully aſſuraunce with good peraduertaunce

Perſeuerance ¶ If you be ſo myndyd we be ryght glad

Redreſſe. ¶ And ye ſhall haue moꝝe woꝝſhypp then euer ye had

Magnyfyceñce ¶ Well I perceyue in you therꝝ is moche ſadneſſe
 Graunte of counſell prouydence and wyſt
 your comfortable aduyle & wyſt exceðyth all gladneſſe
 But frendly I wyll reſtrayne you ſerther oꝝ we flyt
 whereto were moſt metely my corage to knyſt
 your myndys I beſeche you here in to expreſſe
 Commensynge this proceſſe at mayſter redreſſe

Redreſſe. ¶ Syth vnto me foꝝmeſt this proceſſe is erectyd
 Herein I wyll a foꝝle me to ſhewe you my mynde
 fꝝꝛſt from your magnyfyceñce ſyn muſt be abiectyd
 In all your warkys moꝝe grace ſhall ye fynde
 Be gentyll then of corage and lerne to be kynde
 Foꝝ of nobleneſſe the cheſe poꝝnt is to be lyberall
 So that your largeſſe be not to pꝝodygall

Cꝝcumſpeccyō ¶ Lyberte to a loꝝde belongyth of ryght
 But wyſfull waywardneſſe muſte walke out of ꝑ way
 Meaſure of your luſtys muſt haue the ouer ſyght
 And not all the nygarde noꝝ the chyncherde to play
 Let neuer negarſhypp your nobleneſſe aſſray
 In your rewardys ble ſuche moderacyon
 That nothyng be gyuen without conſyderacyon

Perſeuerance ¶ To the increſe of your honour then arme you w ryght
 And ſumouſly adreſſe you with magnanymyte
 And euer let the dꝝede of god be in your ſyght

And knowe your selfe mortall for all your dygnyte
 Set not all your affyaunce in fortune full of gyle
 Remember this lyfe last yth but a wyle
Magnyficence ¶ Redreske in my remembraunce your lesson shall rest
 And sad cyrcumspexyon I marke in my mynde
 But perseueraunce me scmpth your probleme was best
 I shall it neuer forget nor leue it behynde
 But hooly to perseueraunce my selfe I wyll bynde
 Of that I haue mysdone to make a redreske
Redreske. ¶ And with sad cyrcumspexyon correcte my vantonnesse
 ¶ Unto this processe bresly compyllyd
 Comprehendynge the woꝛlde casuall and transytoꝛy
 Wyo lyst to contyder shall neuer be begyllyd
 If it be registryd well in memoꝛy
 A playne example of woꝛldly vayngloꝛy
 Howe in this woꝛlde there is no sekennesse
 But fallible flaterie enmyꝛd with bytternesse
 Nowe well / nowe wo / nowe hy / nowe lawe degre
 Nowe ryche / nowe poꝛe / nowe hole / nowe in dysplese
 Nowe pleasure at large / Nowe in captiuyte
 Nowe leue / nowe lothe / now please / nowe dysplese
 Nowe ebbe / now flowe / nowe increase / now dyscrease
 So in this woꝛlde there is no sykerneske
 But fallible flaterie enmyꝛd with bytternesse
Cyrcumspexyon ¶ Amptroue incleryd is this interlude
 This lyfe inconstant for to beholde and se
 Sodenly auauꝛsyd / and sodenly subdude
 Sodenly ryches / and sodenly pouerte
 Sodenly comfort / and sodenly aduersyte
 Sodenly thus fortune can bothe smyle and frowne
 Sodenly set vp / and sodenly cast downe
 Sodenly promotyd / and sodenly put backe
 Sodenly cheryslyd / and sodenly cast a lyde
 Sodenly comendyd / and sodenly fynde a lache
 Sodenly grauntyd / and sodenly denyed
 Sodenly hyd / and sodenly lyped
 Sodenly thus fortune can bothe smyle and frowne
 Sodenly set vp and sodenly cast downe
Perseueraunce ¶ This treatyse deuylyd to make you dyspoꝛte
 Shewyth nowe adaves howe the woꝛlde comberyd is
 To the pythe of the mater wholyt to resozte
 To day it is well / to morowe it is all amys
 To day in delyte / to morowe bare of blyse
 To day a loꝛde / to morowe ly in the duste
 Thus in this woꝛlde there is noerthly truste
 To day saye wether / to morowe a stormy rage

To day hote / to morowe outrageous colde
 To day a poman / to morowe made of page
 To day in surety / to morowe bought and solde
 To day maysterfest / to morowe he hath no holde
 To day a man / to morowe he lyeth in the duste
 Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste

Magnificence ¶ This mater we haue mouyd you myrthys to make
 Decely purposyd vnder pretence of play
 Shewyth wylsome to them that wylsome can take
 Howe sodenly worldly welth dothe decay
 How wylsom thowowe wantonnesse banysyth away
 How none estate lypunge of hymselfe can be sure
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure
 Of the terestre rechery we fall in the flode
 Beten with stormys of many a frowarde blast
 Ensozdyd with the walwys sauage and wode
 without our shyppe be sure it is lykely to bzaill
 pet of magnificence oft made is the mast
 Thus none estate lypunge of hym can be sure
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure

Redresse.

Circumspectyō

Perseuerance

Magnificence

Redresse.

¶ Howe semyth vs syttinge that ye then resoꝛte
 Home to your paleys with Joy and ryalte
 ¶ wherc euer thyng is ozdenyd after your noble poꝛte
 ¶ There to indeuer withall selcypte
 ¶ I am content my frendys that it so be
 ¶ And ye that haue harde this dyspoꝛte and game
 ¶ Ihesus preseꝛue you frome endlesse wo and shame

A M E N.

¶ These be the names of the players.

Felcypte.	Clokyd colusyon.	Good hope.
Alpherte.	Courtly abulyon.	Redresse.
Measure.	Foly.	Circumspectyon
	Aduersyte.	Perseuerance.
Magnificence	Pouerte.	
	Dyspare.	
Tansy.	Apliche.	
Coüterfet coüte.		
Crafty coueyance.		

¶ Cum privilegio.

